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THE
BOY'S BOO

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL ARTICLES

IN

PROSE AND POETRY.

BY

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"God keep and strengthen thee from sin.
God crown thy life with peace and joy,
And give thee grace to enter in
The City of His rest,—my boy."

MARY HOWITT

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PREFACE.

EXCITING stories, have, during our own times, entered widely into the literature for unfolding minds. Yet, among reflecting parents and teachers, who feel that a right education is peculiarly the safe-guard of our country, there is an increasing demand for works founded on solidity of principle, and which present knowledge, and morality, without the disguise of fiction.

In compliance with this demand, the present volume has been prepared, containing lessons of republican simplicity,—of the value of time,—of the rewards of virtue, of the duties of this life, as they take hold on the happiness of the next. These objects have been kept in view, in the composition both of its prose and poetry, and throughout the varied forms of narrative, biography, and didactic essay.

Though adapted by the nature of its plan, and division, as a reading-book for schools, it does not limit itself to the sphere of an assistant, in the art of Elocution. The writer hopes that it may sometimes

be a companion of the child, who, loving truth for its own sake, voluntarily devotes a part of his leisure, to what is useful, and sits in the long winter evenings, reading aloud to his mother, by the quiet fireside.

Sons of my people,—this book has been constructed for you, carefully, and with pleasure. May it bear on its pages, a blessing to you, who now, under the discipline of education, will so soon emerge from its tutelage, to take the places of the fathers. Then, may you stand forth, amid the green vales, and broad prairies of our native land, like the olive, cheering and enriching those around,—like the oak, transmitting its honours to a future age—like the blessed tree, “whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.”

L. H. S.

HARTFORD CONN.

March 1st. 1842.

THE
B O Y ' S B O O K .

KNOWLEDGE.

THERE has never been a period, in the history of the world, when knowledge was so highly prized, as in the present age. Neither has there ever been a country, where it was so universally diffused, as in our own. Some degree of it, is surely within the reach of every person.

Have you ever thought much of the evils of ignorance ? Have you observed how narrow and prejudiced the uneducated mind becomes ?—how credulous and superstitious ?—how prone to mistakes, with regard to the nature of duty, and the nature of happiness ?

The poor Burman's highest idea of happiness, is to be turned into a buffalo, and lie down in a field of high grass, where there are no musquitoes to annoy. "We want nothing but healthy bodies, and plenty of seals to eat," said the Greenlanders to the first missionaries who sought them out. Ignorance

augments the value of the things of sense, and substitutes low appetites for the pleasures of intellect.

A right education is not merely the reading of many books, but the ability of making knowledge useful to ourselves, and others. It is not simply to acquire influence over our fellow-creatures, but to make that influence subservient to moral excellence and piety.

To have a knowledge of our duties to mankind, and not perform them, is injustice; to endeavour to discharge them to mankind, and not to God, is impiety. So that a good education, comprises right motives, as well as good conduct.

Some minds have found such delight in knowledge that they have conquered many obstacles, and endured great hardships, to obtain it. They have never felt that they paid more than it was worth. Let us select a few such instances; for a philosopher has truly said, that we "yield to facts, when we resist speculation."

Professor Heyne, a German, was so fond of classical studies, that he pursued them for more than thirty years, while struggling with the deepest poverty. His father was a weaver, with a large family, and so poor as often to be in want of comfortable food.

Heyne made great exertions to support himself at the University, which he entered with only a few shillings in his pocket, and so anxious was he not to waste his time, that he seldom allowed himself to sleep more than two whole nights in the week.

His love of learning sustained him in cheerfulness, amid the most painful exertions. When his merit

became known, he was rewarded by being made Professor of Eloquence in the university of Göttingen. This honour he retained for many years, and was distinguished both by his lectures and publications.

Castalio, who translated the Bible into Latin, was the son of poor peasants, and reared by them, in the midst of privations, among the mountains of Dauphiny. Avaigo, an Italian poet, of the sixteenth century, though working with his father, at the trade of a blacksmith, till he was eighteen years old, found means to cultivate his genius, and to obtain learning.

The celebrated Ben. Jonson, was a brick-layer and mason. While he worked with his trowel, he carried a book in his pocket, and the labour of his hands did not hinder the improvement of his mind. "Let not those blush, said the historian Fuller, who *have*, but those who *have not* a lawful calling, by which to earn their bread."

Thomas Simpson, an able English scholar, Professor of Mathematics and Fellow of the Royal Society, was the son of a weaver. His father, who took him into his shop, when a boy, and tried to repress his fondness for reading, at length forbade him even to open a book, and insisted upon his confining himself the whole day to the loom.

But Thomas Simpson could not give up his love of knowledge. So his father accused him of obstinacy, and turned him out of his house. He maintained himself for a while, in a neighbouring town, by working at his trade, and thought himself very hap-

py, to be able to devote a few spare moments to a book whenever he could borrow one.

He was young when he went to London, and entered that great city, an entire stranger and without a single letter of recommendation. Neither had he any thing of value, about his person, but a manuscript of his own, on Fluxions. This was pronounced superior to any other treatise on that subject in the English language, and his proficiency in science, gained him high reputation and respect.

William Hutton, was the son of a wool-comber, in Derby, England. "More than once, he says, my poor mother, with an infant on her knee, and others hanging about her, has fasted a whole day, and when food, at last came, divided her share among them."

From his seventh, to his fourteenth year, he worked diligently in a silk-mill, and was then bound apprentice to a stocking-weaver. Under all these discouragements, he cherished the love and pursuit of knowledge. He became at length, a respected member of the Antiquarian Society, and author of the History of Birmingham, and other publications.

Edmund Stone, was born in Scotland, more than a hundred years since. His father was gardener, to the duke of Argyle. One day, this nobleman found on the grass, a volume of "Newton's Principia," in Latin, and was much astonished to find that any of his labourers could read it.

Being told that it belonged to his gardener's son, a youth of eighteen, he said, "how came you to a knowledge of these things?" Edmund replied, "a servant taught me to read, ten years ago. Does one

need any thing more, than the twenty-six letters, in order to learn every thing else that he wishes?"

Then the Duke, still more surprised, sat down on a bank, and received from young Edmund the following account. "When the masons were at work upon your house, I first learned to read. I observed that the architect used a rule, and compasses, and made calculations.

"I inquired what was the meaning and use of such things, and was informed that there was a science called arithmetic. I learned it. Then, I was told there was another science, called Geometry. I procured the necessary books, and learned Geometry.

"By reading, I found there were good books, on both these sciences, in Latin. I bought a dictionary and learned Latin. Then I understood, that there were good books of the same kind, in French. I bought a dictionary, and learned French.

"It seems to me, that when we know the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, we may learn what we please." Edmund Stone, was afterwards well known as an author, and published a number of mathematical works.

In our own country, are many instances of those who have resolutely sought knowledge, amid difficulties and obstacles, and while earning a support, by the labour of their hands. Governor Everett, in an eloquent speech on the subject of education, communicated a remarkable letter from Mr. Elihu, Burritt, a blacksmith, of which the following is an extract.

"I was the youngest of many brethren, and my

parents were poor. My means of education were limited to a district school. These again were circumscribed by my father's death, which deprived me, at the age of fifteen, of the scanty opportunities which I had previously enjoyed.

"A few months after his decease, I apprenticed myself to a blacksmith, in my native village. Thither I carried a taste for reading, which I had previously acquired through the medium of a society library; all the historical works in which, I had at that time perused.

'At the expiration of a little more than half my apprenticeship, I conceived the idea of studying Latin. Through the assistance of an elder brother who had obtained a collegiate education by his own exertions, I completed Virgil during the evenings of one winter.

"After devoting some time to Cicero, and a few other Latin authors, I commenced Greek. It was now necessary, that I should devote every hour of day-light, and a part of the evening, to the duties of my apprenticeship.

"Still, I carried my Greek grammar in my hat, and often found a moment, while heating some large iron, when I could place my book before me, against the chimney of my forge, and go through with the conjugation of a verb unperceived by my fellow-apprentices.

"At evening, I sat down unassisted and alone, to the Iliad of Homer, twenty books of which, measured my progress, in that language, during the winter. I next turned to the modern languages, and was much gratified to find, that my knowledge of

Latin furnished a key to the literature of most of the languages of Europe.

"This circumstance gave a new impulse to the desire of acquainting myself with the philosophy, derivation, and affinity of the different European tongues. I could not be reconciled to limit myself to a few hours, after the arduous labours of the day.

"I therefore, laid down my hammer, and went to New-Haven, where I recited to native teachers in French, Spanish, German, and Italian. I returned at the expiration of two years to the forge, bringing with me such books in those languages as I could procure.

"When I had read these books through, I commenced the Hebrew with an awakening desire of examining another field; and by assiduous application I was enabled in a few weeks to read this language with such facility that I allotted it to myself as a task, to read two chapters in the Hebrew Bible before breakfast each morning; this and an hour at noon, being all the time that I could devote to myself during the day.

"After becoming somewhat familiar with this language, I looked around me for the means of initiating myself in the rich fields of oriental literature, and to my deep regret and concern, I found my progress in this direction hedged up, by the want of requisite books.

"I immediately began to devise means of obviating this obstacle; and, after many plans, I concluded to seek a place as a sailor on board some ship bound to Europe, thinking in this way to have

opportunities of collecting at different ports, such works in the modern and oriental languages as I found necessary for this object.

"I left the forge and my native place, to carry this plan into execution. I travelled on foot to Boston, a distance of more than a hundred miles, to find some vessel bound to Europe. In this I was disappointed, and while revolving in my mind what steps to take, accidentally heard of the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester.

"I immediately bent my steps towards this place. I visited the hall of the American Antiquarian Society, and found here to my infinite gratification, such a collection of ancient, modern, and oriental languages as I never before conceived to be collected in one place, and, upon evincing a desire to examine some of these rich and rare works, I was kindly invited to an unlimited participation in all the benefits of this noble institution.

"Availing myself of the kindness of the directors, I spent about three hours daily at the hall, which, with an hour at noon, and about three in the evening, made up the portion of the day which I appropriated to my studies, the rest being occupied in arduous, manual labour. Through the facilities afforded by this institution, I have been able to add so much to my previous acquaintance with the ancient, modern, and oriental languages, as to be able to read upwards of *fifty* of them, with more or less facility."

Is there not something like sublimity, in the perseverance by which knowledge is acquired, amid difficulty and discouragement? It surely must give

great delight, to be able to uphold the mind under such severe exertions, as have been exhibited, in the various examples, of which we read and hear.

The possession of knowledge, should lead the young to adopt high and noble motives of action. The ancient republic of Sparta, had an interesting custom, which was calculated to produce such a result.

On a certain day, the inhabitants formed a procession, divided into three companies, the old, the middle-aged, and the young. Before the festive sports, and exercises commenced, the hoary-headed men, sent from their ranks, a speaker, who said,

“ We have been, in days of old,
Wise, generous, brave and bold.”

Those, in the prime of life, then put forth their orator, who addressing the aged fathers of the people, replied,

“ That, which in days of yore, ye were,
We, at the present moment, are.”

Lastly, from the blooming troop, a boy advanced and expressed in a clear, audible tone, the spirited resolution

“ Hereafter, at our country’s call,
We promise to surpass you all.”

Dear sons of my country, her pride, and her hope, catch the spirit of this Spartan promise. If you cannot surpass the great and the good, who have gone before you, study their excellences, walk in

their footsteps, and God give you grace to fill their places well, when they are mouldering in the dust.

Remember that knowledge of the right kind leads to humility. The fully ripened ear of wheat, bends downward. It is the little blade, that holds itself up so pertly. It is the shallow brook that, makes the loudest babbling among the pebbles.

True learning and goodness bow the soul in adoration, before a Being of perfect wisdom. The higher you ascend in knowledge, said a philosopher, the wilder is the region you see beyond you ;—Alps upon Alps, which no human intellect has surmounted.

Let me address to you the words of Alcuin, who wrote in England, more than a thousand years ago : “Oh ye, who enjoy the youthful age, so fitted for your lessons,—*Learn!*—Be docile!—Acquire the conduct and manners so beautiful in the young.

“Let your early days be adorned with the study of the virtues, that your age may shine in honour. For remember, that the passing hour, like the receding wave, never returns again.”

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

ONCE, in travelling, I saw a very old building. It appeared to be falling into ruins. No smoke issued from its broken chimney. No foot crossed its grass-grown threshold. The casements were gone, and

through their vacant places, the winds whistled, and the rains fell.

I asked, "what is this building, which is thus suffered to decay?" They answered, "a school-house. But a part of its materials have been used to build a better one, in a more convenient spot, for the village children."

So I paused there, a little time, to meditate. And I said to myself, what a variety of scenes may have past, within these tottering walls. Where are the teachers, who in years gone by, sat in the chair of state, and ruled, and gave instruction?

In yonder corner, perhaps, was a low bench, for the little ones conning their alphabet. Those little ones have grown up,—grown gray,—and died. The babes whom they rocked in the cradle, have shown the same tenderness to their own babes. "One generation passeth away and another cometh."

Beneath those windows, where that trim old sycamore looked in, with all its show of green leaves, waving and gossiping in the breeze of summer, I imagine a row of young girls, with their sunny locks, knitting, sewing, or listening with serious faces, while the mistress taught them what it was necessary for them to know, when they became women.

The snows of winter seem to spread around. The frozen pond in the rear of the school-house, is covered with boys. The clock strikes nine. They hasten to their school. The narrow entry rings with the jingle of their skates, as they throw them down. One or two, who love play better than study, approach with more lingering steps.

Methinks, I see their ruddy faces, as they take their seats. The master raises a stern eye at their clamour, or stifled laughter, and commands them to write their copies, or attend to their sums. But the treatise of arithmetic is thumbed, and the grammar lesson curled into dog's ears, by those whose roving thoughts are among their winter sports.

Then there was the long sigh of indolence, and the tears of such as were punished. And there was impatience there, and ambition, and hope, and the kindlings of intellect, and the delights of knowledge. The master endeavours to rule each for their good, as the wise magistrate restrains the people by laws.

I fancy that I behold that teacher walking homeward, weary and thoughtful when the day was done. He felt sadness for those who did not improve, and over those who did, he rejoiced with a peculiar love.

Perhaps, he repeated mournfully the words of the prophet, "I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for naught." And a voice from heaven, answered in his heart, "Yet surely thy judgment is with the Lord, and thy work with thy God."

Old school-house!—couldst thou speak, I doubt not thou wouldest tell me, that eminent men have been nurtured in thee; ingenious mechanics, on whom the comfort of the community depends; athletic farmers, laying the forest low, and forcing earth to yield her increase; physicians whom the sick sufferer blesses: eloquent lawyers, wise statesmen, holy priests, who interpret the word of the Almighty.

I wish that the school-houses in our country, were

more commodious and tasteful in their construction more spacious, and airy, surrounded with trees, or beautified with shrubbery. When some of the boys, who read this book, become men, perhaps they will build such a school-house, and present it to the children of their town.

But it is not so important in what kind of a building we go to school, as what we learn, and how we behave while we are there. Very good things have been learned, in poor, and rude edifices.

There was once, a benevolent man, who went in a ship, to the great island, or continent of New-Holland. He found multitudes of children, growing up neglected and ignorant. He wished much to have them taught. But there was no school-house.

So he collected them under a spreading tree, whose branches could shelter at least one hundred, from the heat of the sun. He hung cards, with painted lessons among the boughs. And there, he taught the poor colonists, to read, to spell, and to sing.

There are very beautiful birds in that country. Many of them had nests in this large tree. So, there they were, flying about, and tending their young, while the children were learning below; and the chirping of the new-fledged birds, and the warbling of their parents, and the busy voices of the children, learning to be good, made sweet music in the heart of that benevolent man. Did they not ascend, and mingle with the praises of angels, around the throne ?

TAKING FOOD.

ONE of the strongest, and earliest impulses of animal nature, is to seek and receive food. The chicken, as soon as it bursts its shell, partakes the aliment provided for it, or follows in the footsteps of its mother, to share in what she may find. The unfledged birds open their mouths wide, to take the morsel, brought them by the parent.

Hunger is a sensation, appointed by our Creator, to warn us of the necessity of taking that nourishment, by which life is sustained. He has given us a relish for food, not that we may indulge in low appetite, but that we may remember, periodically, to support in vigour, the body which he has so wonderfully formed.

Changes are wrought, and a great work goes on within us, whenever we take even so little, as a piece of bread. The teeth are busy with it. The glands, in the neighbourhood of the mouth, pour out moisture, to aid in its preparation. The tongue exerts itself from tip to base, to press it into the œsophagus; and the œsophagus contracts, to deliver it to the stomach.

It arrives in that curious laboratory,—a new supply. The pylorus, or lower gate of the stomach, closes, that it may not escape, before the proper forces are brought to act upon it. The circulation is quickened, and a great portion of the blood, leaves the surface and extremities, and concentrates

in the neighbourhood. Thither also, the nervous energy repairs, to render its aid, in the process.

The new mass of food, after coming in contact with the gastric juices, assumes the consistence of a soft poultice, and is called chyme. Again, being subjected to the action of other powers, it is converted into chyle, a thin, milky substance. Then the absorbent vessels, or lacteals, open their mouths, and by the most acute philosophy, receive only the nutritious particles, and reject the rest.

After passing through these millions of strainers, it is still further refined, in a set of glands, adapted to that purpose, ere it is poured into the veins. Even then, another process awaits it. It must pass through the lungs, and be purified, by meeting the air, before it is fit to be mingled with the arterial blood, and distributed throughout the whole system.

What astonishing, and complicated machinery, is brought to bear, upon every article of food that we receive. By an action, which the most subtle chemistry cannot explain, or the most powerful solvent imitate, it is reduced to elements, of which science has no perfect cognizance and made ready for its several claimants.

In about four hours, from the time of its reception, it mingles with the full tide of the veins, and goes to visit the remotest parts of this wonderful temple which God has made. If the body is in health, every part of it, has its share, in the piece of bread, of which we have spoken. Not a single hair is defrauded of its portion of this added wealth.

Through the invisible pores of the skin some of it escapes, in dampness, like a sigh. The whole sys-

tem rejoices over its replenished treasury. Can we think of the wonderful work going on within us, and not praise the Almighty Architect? or forget to pray that whether "we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, we may do all to his glory?"

We should be careful not to injure the exquisite machinery, thus divinely established, either by excess in food, or taking that which is of an injurious quality. The mechanism of the stomach should be respected. Five, or six hours, are considered a correct interval, for it to complete one set of operations, to rest, and to be ready for another.

When about to perfect its work, if it is interrupted,—if new and crude matter, or intermediate repasts of fruit and cake, are pressed into it, like a labourer, perplexed by extra and contradictory tasks, it will be overwearied, and the great object left partially, or poorly accomplished.

It is ungrateful to disarrange the mechanism, which does so much for us. It is dangerous to persist in offending the stomach, for it revenges itself through the nerves. They are its fast friends,—always at its command, and able to inflict varied, and terrible pain.

Proper food, and drink, taken at proper periods, easily assimilate with the stomach, when the organs of digestion are in health. But alcoholic drinks, for you know alcohol is a poison, are not like other fluids, regularly digested.

These hurtful stimulants act strongly on the coats of the stomach, and then break through the absorbents, into the circulation, with a mutinous force, making every part of the body feel the effect. Dis-

sections, and chemical analysis, have detected alcohol lurking in the ventricles of the brain, and the breath of the miserable, intemperate man, proves that his lungs are saturated with it.

What a sin it is to injure, by any voluntary imprudence, the delicate and beautiful economy of this mortal frame. Intemperance in drinking, produces innumerable ills and sins, and in a moral and religious community, is stamped with the abhorrence that it merits. Gluttonous eating, is a contemptible habit, unworthy of an immortal mind, and the cause of many diseases.

An instructor was once explaining to an intelligent little deaf and dumb girl, some historical facts; and among the rest, that the death of Henry the First, of England, was occasioned by a surfeit on lamprey-eels. "Was he foolish?" she asked, in her language of gesture. "He was a great king, and a wise man," was the answer.

"A wise man, and eat too much!" she exclaimed with amazement. "No, no; though you call him a great king, he must certainly have been a fool." Her quick, discriminating mind, taught her, that, notwithstanding his regal fame, he literally "died, as the fool dieth."

The time spent at meals, in every family, is of importance. Assembled round the table, more than a thousand times a year, to partake of the bounties of providence, an opportunity is given for the cultivation of good manners, good feelings, and grateful remembrance of Him, who "giveth us all things richly to enjoy."

The ancient Spartans, though not favoured with

that knowledge, or those motives of action which ennoble Christians, considered their stated repasts as seasons for impressing useful lessons. There the young were required to keep silence, and listen reverently to the words of their superiors in age.

At the public tables, many precepts for the direction of life were inculcated. Among the rest, the boys who were admitted there, were taught to keep a secret. They were not permitted to repeat, in other places, the conversation which they there heard. As they entered to take their seats, a man pointing to the door, said with solemnity, "nothing that is spoken *here*, goes out *there*."

Better lessons than were known to the Spartans, it is in our power both to learn and to teach. And yet not to report the familiar conversation of the table and the fireside, is often a necessary injunction to the young; as trouble among domestics, and even misunderstanding between friends, have sometimes arisen from no higher source.

Correct deportment at table, is of consequence to every young person. They should consult the accommodation of those around them, and the comfort of guests, in preference to their own. In travelling, a well-bred person is readily known, by his manners at the table. A disposition to complain of deficiencies, or a habit of conversing much about different articles of food, or varieties of cookery, should be avoided.

It is not well to devote too much thought to "what we shall eat, or what we shall drink;" or to permit the gratification of the palate to enter into our estimate of happiness. Zeno, with his simple

diet of bread, figs, and honey, kept his spirits cheerful, and his mind clear for the pursuits of philosophy to the age of more than ninety years.

We should be temperate in eating and drinking for the sake of the repose of quiet sleep. Both the quantity and quality of what we receive into the stomach, is of consequence. Frightful dreams come more frequently from indigestion, than from any other cause.

Rich, high-seasoned dishes, and all stimulating drinks, should be avoided by the young. Neither, is it well, to form the habit of taking food between regular meals, or before retiring. This imposes extra labour upon the stomach, which has sufficient employment to convert the stated repasts, into heathful nutriment.

"I was induced to eat a piece of rich cake, and to drink a glass of wine, just before retiring to bed, said a friend. So I spent most of the night, in climbing sharp cliffs, and hanging over black, deep waters, or fighting monsters with eyes of fire. I tried to call for help, but could utter no sound,—to fly, but my limbs were powerless. Then I knew it was the cake and wine oppressing the stomach, and the stomach revenging its wrongs on me, in the shape of dreams."

It is desirable to have a free circulation of pure air, in your sleeping apartment,—not to be overburdened with bed-clothes,—to take an unconstrained position, with the face entirely uncovered,—and to wash, before retiring; that no particle of dust, or retained perspiration, may obstruct the pores of the skin, in their important functions.

Another rule to be observed in order to procure pleasant dreams, is to go to rest, with a cheerful, amiable disposition, and a heart at peace with all mankind. Examine the actions of the day, and for whatever has been done or omitted that conscience regrets, ask in penitent prayer, the forgiveness of your Heavenly Father, and commend yourselves to his protection, and the ministry of holy angels.

Food taken in gladness and praise is salutary to the system. It does good, like a medicine. Let us ever be sensible of the mercy of our Heavenly Father, in preparing such a wonderful apparatus for its reception, and in so connecting that reception with pleasure that it should neither be neglected, or forgotten.

Let every repast be preceded by an invocation of the heart to God for his blessing, that it may minister to health, vigour, and a sound mind, and that all may be used in his service, for the good of others, and for our own eternal happiness. And while in cheerfulness, and with gratitude, we comply with his appointment to nourish this curious and wonderful form of clay, let us never forget that we should, "*eat to live,—but not live to eat.*"

TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

A GRATEFUL disposition, should teach us to be kind to the domestic animals. They add much to our comfort. How should we bear the winter's cold

were it not for the coat of wool, which the sheep shares with us? How would journeys be performed, or the mail be carried, or the affairs of government be conducted, without the aid of the horse?

Did you ever think how much the comfort of families, depends upon the cow? Make a list of articles for the table, or for the sick, to which milk is indispensable. Perhaps you will be surprised to find how numerous they are.

When the first settlers of New England, came to Plymouth, in the winter of 1620, four years elapsed, before any cows were brought them. During all this time, their bread was made of pounded corn, and they had not a drop of milk for the weaned infant, or the sickly child, or to make any little delicacy for the invalid.

There was great rejoicing in the colony, when a ship arrived, bringing a few, small heifers. Remember how patiently our good ancestors endured their many hardships; and when you freely use the milk of which they were so long deprived, be kind to the peaceable, orderly quadruped, from whom it is obtained.

Domestic animals, are sensible of kindness, and improved by it. They are made happier and more gentle, by being caressed and spoken to, with a pleasant voice. Food, shelter, needful rest, and good treatment, are surely due to them, for their many services to man.

The Arab treats his horse, like his child, and the noble animal loves him, and strains every nerve to do his bidding. I have seen a horse, when wearied with heat, and travel, erect his head, and show evi-

dent signs of pleasure, and renew his labours, with fresh zeal, if his master patted his neck, and whispered with a kind voice into his ear.

It is delightful to see the young show a protecting kindness, to such harmless creatures, as are often harshly treated. It seems difficult to say why the toad is so generally singled out for strong dislike. Is it only because Nature has not given it beauty? Surely, its habits are innocent, and its temper gentle.

The scientific gardeners of Europe, encourage toads to live in their gardens, and about their green-houses. They find them useful assistants in guarding their precious plants from insects. So, they wisely make them allies, instead of torturing and destroying them.

A benevolent English gentleman, once took pains, to reclaim a toad from its timid habits. It improved by his attentions. It grew to a very large size, and at his approach, came regularly from its hole, to meet him, and receive its food.

Ladies, who visited the garden, sometimes desired to see this singular favourite. It was even brought to the table, and permitted to have a desert of insects, which it partook, without being embarrassed by the presence of company.

It lived to be forty years old. What age it might have attained, had it met with no accident, it would be difficult to say. For it was in perfect health, when wounded by a fierce raven, as it one day was coming from its house, under the steps of the door, which fronted the garden.

The poor creature languished awhile, and then died, and the benevolent man who had so long pro-

tected it, took pleasure in relating its history, and in remembering that he had made its life happy.

Cruelty to animals, is disgraceful, and sinful. If I see even a young child, pull off the wings of an insect, or take pains to set his foot upon a worm, I know that he has not been well-instructed, or else that there is something wrong and wicked in his heart.

The Emperor Domitian loved to kill flies, and at last became a monster of cruelty. Benedict Arnold, the traitor, when he was a boy, liked to give pain to every thing, over which he could get power.

He destroyed bird's nests, and cut the little unfledged ones in pieces, before the eyes of their agonized parents. Cats and dogs, the quiet cow, and the faithful horse, he delighted to hurt and distress.

I do not like to repeat his cruel deeds. He was told that they were wrong. An excellent lady with whom he lived, used to warn and reprove him. But he did not reform. For his heart was hard, and he did not heed the commands of God.

He grew up without good principles. He became a soldier, and had command in the army. But he laid a plan to betray his country, and sell it into the hands of the enemy.

His wickedness was discovered, and he fled. He never dared to return to his native land, but lived despised, and died in misery. We know not how much of the sin which disgraced his character, sprang out of his hardness of heart, and cruelty to animals.

Many of the inferior creation, display virtues which are deserving of respect. How many remarkable instances have we heard, of the sagacity

of the elephant, and the grateful attachment, and fidelity of the dog.

A shepherd, who lived at the foot of the Grampian mountains, one day, in going to look after his flock, took with him his little boy of four years old. Some of his sheep had strayed. In pursuing them, he was obliged to climb rocks, so steep, that the child could not follow.

The shepherd charged the child to remain where he left him, until he should return. But while he was gone, one of those thick fogs arose, which in that part of Scotland are not uncommon. With difficulty he groped his way back again. But the child was gone.

All his search was vain. There was sorrow that night, in the lowly cottage of his parents. The next day, the neighbours joined, and continued their pursuit, for several days, and nights. But in vain.

"Is my dog lost too?" said the father, as he one day entered his dwelling, and sat down in weariness and despair. "He has come here daily, said his little daughter, while you and mother, have been searching for poor Donald. I have given him a piece of cake, which he has taken, and run hastily away."

The household bread, of the poor, in Scotland, is made of oatmeal, and being not baked in loaves, but rolled out thin, is often called cake. While they were speaking, the dog rushed in, and leaped upon his master, whining earnestly.

An oatmeal cake was given him. He appeared hungry but eat only a small portion of it. The remainder he took in his mouth, and ran away. The shepherd followed him. It was with difficulty, that he kept

his track, fording a swift streamlet, and descending into a terrible ravine.

Then he entered a cave. And what was his joy to see there his little, lost son. He was eating heartily the bread which the dog had brought him, while he, standing by, and wagging his tail, looked up in his face with delight, as he took the food, which he nobly denied himself.

It seems that the dog was with the child, when in the dimness of the mist, he wandered away. He must have aided him to pass the deep waters that crossed his path. And when he found shelter in that rude cavern, and mourned for his parents, the faithful dog guarded him like a father, and fed him with a mother's tenderness.

How can we fail to treat with kindness, a race of animals, who are capable of such virtues. Others, who are less celebrated, often show traits of character, which are worthy of imitation. Let us hear the opinion of the poet Cowper, on this interesting subject.

“We too might learn, if not too proud to stoop,
To animal instructors, many a good
And useful quality, and virtue too,
Rarely exemplified among ourselves.
Fidelity, that neither bribe, nor threat
Can move, or warp, and gratitude for small
And trivial favours, lasting as the life,
And glistening even from the dying eye.”

Birds give us an example of tender affection. There is no warfare in their nests. The little brothers and sisters dwell together in harmony, till they

are able to stretch out the newly-plumed wing, and quit the care of the parent. Say they not to us, as they sing among the branches, "*live in love?*"

The innocent dove, is cited as a model in the book of God. "Be ye harmless as doves," said our Saviour, to his disciples. The stork spreads out its broad pinions, and bears its aged parents, on their journey through the air. It feeds and cherishes them with the same care, that it received in its own helpless infancy. Shall we not learn from it, a lesson of filial piety?

Once a robin, in returning to her nest, was shot dead. The mate mourned bitterly for her loss, but took her place upon the nest. There he brooded, until the young came forth from the egg, and then he sought food, and fed them like a mother, until they were able to fly away.

Often while he was performing her duties, and always at the close of day, his plaintive note was heard, lamenting his lost love. Ah! who could be so wicked as to destroy the nest, or the eggs, or the young, of those affectionate creatures. Our Father in Heaven, "taketh care of sparrows, and feedeth the young ravens that cry."

THE GOOD BROTHER.

"I HAVE just been to the funeral of poor Mrs. Howard, said Mrs. Ashley, to her family, as they

gathered around the tea-table. Her death was very sudden. She dropped down, in a kind of fit, without any previous sickness. But I do not think she has ever been well, since her husband was lost at sea, more than a year ago.

“You cannot think how affecting it was, to see her two children, walking behind the corpse, and no near relation with them, and then the kindness of Edward, to his little sister Julia. I have always heard that he was a remarkably good boy, but his attentions to her, were most touching.

“It seemed as if his heart was so divided between care of her, and grief for the dead, that he did not think of himself at all. When they stood by the grave, of their only parent, and looked down into it so lone, and desolate, there was not a dry eye among the people.

“The little girl cried so, that she could hardly stand, and her brother tried to support her, as if he was a man. And when the frozen clods falling upon the coffin-lid, made every heart quake, he bent over her as if he hoped to keep the sound from her; and when all was over, and they turned away, he wrapped her short, thin cloak close over her, and put his arm round her so tenderly, that every one was moved.”

“Dear mother, what will become of those poor children?” asked Mary Ashley. “I think, my dear, that when the uncle and aunt return home, they will take one or both of them, though their own family is large. It makes it worse for the orphans, that they live so far from neighbours, but we must go out

there, in the morning, and see what we can do for their comfort."

When Edward and his sister came home from the funeral, he observed that she shivered, and hastened to make a fire, and drew her chair near to it. "Sister, are you warm? Dear Julia, speak to me." But the ague was violent, and her teeth chattered, so that she could not articulate.

A good woman, who came out from the village, made her some warm herb-tea, and put her in bed, but was obliged to go home in the evening, to her own children. So Edward lighted his little lamp, and shaded it from his sister's eyes, and sat down to watch by her side.

Though he was exceedingly weary, he dared not trust himself to sleep, lest she should need something, for her face was red with fever, and she kept continually asking for drink. He felt as if his heart would break, when sometimes after he had moistened her parched lips, she would cry out as if in a broken dream, "oh mother! mother!"

When the morning dawned, she seemed to be in a more quiet sleep, and closing the door behind him gently, he ran to the village, for the physician. "Oh sir, my sister is sick. I am afraid she will die. Please to come down to her. I have no money now. But, sir, I will work and pay you. I will more than pay you, when I get to be a man."

"How old are you, my good boy?" "I am almost thirteen, sir, and my sister is ten. There are but two of us. Our mother was buried yesterday, and father died at sea. If Julia should die, I know not what would become of me."

The kind physician's heart was touched. "Wait, said he, and I will carry you along in my chaise, for it is nearly two miles, and you will be tired to walk back." But Edward said, "Please to excuse me, that I cannot stay. My sister is all alone. I will run and tell her, that you will come soon. May I do so, sir?"

He reached home, almost before she had missed him. "Sweet sister, said he, the good doctor is coming to see you. I think he will make you well. And now, see what a nice fire I shall make for you. I picked up these shavings, and little bits of pine, as I passed by the carpenter's shop in the village, to kindle with.

"There. How quick it is blazing. Look, Julia, look. And now, I will heat some water, and make some gruel for your breakfast. I know exactly how mother made it, and you used to say how good it tasted."

But the child moaned, and said she could take nothing. When the physician came, he pronounced her to have a fever, and left some medicines, which he was so kind as to bring for her. He encouraged Edward, that she might soon be better, and at those cheering words, the poor boy could not refrain from bursting into tears, and followed him out to the chaise, thanking him with all his heart.

Mrs. Ashley and her daughter, called to see the orphans, and finding how sick Julia was, sent comforts to her, and food for her brother, and one of their neighbours came to watch, that Edward might get some rest. But whenever he heard his sister mourning in her pain, he was by her side, and if she

objected to the bitter medicine, he would say, "do dear sister, take it for my sake," until he prevailed.

During her sickness, Julia was often irritable, but Edward's patience never failed. He always spoke to her in the kindest tones, and if she gave any trouble to the neighbours who came in to nurse her would say, "pray, forgive her. She is but a child, and weak, and her heart is grieved, because mother is dead."

At length, the brother of Mrs. Howard, and his wife, returned home. They decided to receive Julia into their family, and she was removed there on her bed. It was thought best that Edward should be apprenticed to a joiner, in the village, and so thankful was he, that his sister was recovering, and had found a refuge with her relatives, that he scarcely remembered his own lot must be among strangers.

Being taken at an earlier age than was usual with mechanics, and much the youngest in a large number of apprentices and journeymen, he was expected to be the waiter of all. Yet whatever hardship befell him, he was patient and gentle-tempered.

His greatest pleasure was to visit his sister. Sunday was his only day of leisure, and he was very punctual in attendance at church; but he was thankful to be invited to take tea at his uncle's, for he had then the satisfaction of spending several hours with her.

As years passed on, he found in some of those interviews, that she was quite disposed to complain. Her aunt required too much work of her, or her little cousins troubled her. But especially the children at school, did not treat her as she desired. "I dare

say this comes, she would add, from my not being dressed any better."

"Dear sister, he would reply, I think you have comfortable clothes, and if they are not whole and neat, that must be your own fault, since you know well, how to wash and mend. You must consider, what a great favour it is, that uncle and aunt should thus stand in the place of parents. For how many orphans like us, suffer for want of food and raiment.

"If you are not quite as well dressed, as those around you, just put on a pleasanter face, and sweeter manners than they, to make up the difference. These are things that the poor can have, as well as the rich. They cost no money, but they bring what money will not always buy; good-will, and love from those we associate with."

"Edward, I declare you are equal to our old minister, for preaching. I hear preaching enough at home. When I see you, I should like to be entertained." "Is there any better entertainment than good counsel, dear sister?"

"But it is time for me to go, as the bell will ring for nine, before I get home." And as he bade her good night, and kissed her, he whispered in her ear, "keep this text in your heart, to remember me by, till we meet again, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

As Edward advanced in the knowledge of his business, a yearly allowance was made him, for his clothing; and he was delighted to economize, that he might have it in his power, to show his love for his sister, by some appropriate gift. This was often in the form of an useful and instructive book.

On her sixteenth birth-day, he brought her a beautiful Bible, in which many passages were marked with his pencil, bespeaking her particular attention. For he thought it the duty of a good brother, to seek the welfare of his sister, not only in this life, but in that which is to come.

Often did he urge her, in the most affectionate terms, to strive for the consolations of true religion, and trust in an Almighty Protector. "I wish I could but live with you, Edward, she would reply. Then, I have no doubt, I should be always good."

This wish was nearer its accomplishment, than she had anticipated. Such was Edward's good conduct, and knowledge of business, that, at the age of twenty-one, his master proposed to take him as a partner; and as there had been long a mutual attachment, between him, and his daughter, he consented to their union, and the marriage soon took place.

It was an unspeakable pleasure to Edward, to receive his sister to his comfortable, and neatly-furnished home, and to perceive that she, and his amiable young wife, cherished an affection for each other. "Our fire-side is yours, Julia," he said. "But, remember," he playfully added, "your promise, to be *always good* if you lived with me. I shall hold you to it. For your improvement and happiness are as dear to me, as my own."

Her brother's example,—the devotion of his prayers, at the family-altar,—his affectionate, consistent deportment,—his desire to do good to all, and the serenity of his temper, amid the little perplexities of life, awakened a desire to imitate him, and to obtain

that piety, which he mentioned as the source of his peace and hope.

Constant effort, and prayer for divine aid, wrought a change in her character. Her irritable disposition seemed to have passed away. To her uncle and aunt, whose care, while with them, she had never fully appreciated, and whose strictness, she too often misunderstood, she now studied to give proofs of her attachment and gratitude.

When any remarked, how visibly her better qualities were unfolding, she meekly replied, "My good brother is my teacher." But he answered, "I think she is taught by the good Spirit of our God."

Years of happiness were the portion of the good brother, and his family. Little ones rose up around his table like olive-plants, and of these, aunt Julia made herself the instructor and friend. It was her ambition to be assured that next to the father and mother, she was the object of their love.

But her constitution, which had been always delicate, showed symptoms of early decay. Her flesh wasted, and a hollow cough alarmed her affectionate relatives. The good physician who had attended her in her desolate childhood, visited her daily.

Soon the red hectic sat upon her cheek, and it was but too evident, that the deadly consumption had made her its victim. Edward procured a light carriage, and on every fine summer's day, took her to ride among the scenery that she loved.

As he was seen driving slowly, and carefully, lest the wheels passing over a stone, might agitate the wasted invalid, or bending down to hear some remark made in her faint, broken tones, pitying neigh-

bours and friends, would bless his untiring sympathy, and say, that the ministry of the good brother was almost over upon earth.

It was during these excursions, so sweet, and mournful, that the failing one, poured into her brother's ear, the fulness of her love and trust in her Redeemer. The thought of parting with her, lost its bitterness, when he heard her say that death came as a friend.

"Life is lovely," she added, with her faint voice. "You have made it so. But heaven is brighter. And you first pointed me there. If God permit, I will be near you, when I have angel's wings. I will bear you up in my hands, lest you dash your foot against a stone."

When the last hour came, he supported her in his arms. She tenderly embraced his wife, thanking her for her love, and kissed the little children with her cold, white lips.

Leaning her head on the shoulder of him who sustained her, she gasped long and painfully, ere she could say, "brother, dear brother, farewell. You have been father and mother to me. You led me to the Saviour. Lord, I come! I come!"

The pangs of death shook her sore. "Pray! Pray! once more for me," she entreated. And her brother, kneeling by the bed, prayed that her passage through the dark valley, might be made easy.

Then the lips of the dying, moved as if in prayer, and a light of joy came over her face. Those who bent over the pillow, heard the name of "*Great Redeemer.*" But her last whisper was "*brother, good brother.*" And her spirit ascended.

GRATITUDE TO TEACHERS.

THANK every person, who confers on you an obligation. Remember all acts of kindness. Cultivate a grateful disposition. To forget favours, or treat with indifference those who have shown them to you are great faults. Even savages despise ingratitude.

Some have rendered you services that you can never hope to repay. Your parents have, and every day adds to the debt. Other persons have given you gifts, which you are not able to return. Treasure these in your memory, and ask God to requite them.

Number among your benefactors, those who have given you good advice. But especially, place in the highest rank, those who have laboured to instruct you. For as knowledge is one of the most precious gifts, your teachers are among your best benefactors.

Be attentive to their precepts, and docile to their commands. After you are removed from their immediate care, speak of them with grateful remembrance. Wherever you meet them, show them a marked respect. "Esteem them very highly in love, for their work's sake."

Never lay up in your mind, any unpleasant circumstances which may have occurred at school. Take only the sweet kernel of the nut, and throw the rough husk away. It is one characteristic of a good boy to love his teachers, and be beloved by them. And he who continues through life, to treat

them with regard, proves that he prizes wisdom, and is capable of gratitude.

Think of the value of knowledge, and never trouble your teachers to urge, or drive you to acquire it. It is a source of high pleasure. A well-furnished mind is never at a loss for amusement. It need never suffer from loneliness, or in the words of a poet, "feel it solitude to be alone."

There was a learned man, whose name was Mr. Roger Ascham. He lived in England, about three centuries ago. He was tutor to the Lady Jane Grey, and was once both surprised and pleased, to find her engaged in study, while the rest of the family were pursuing a favourite amusement in the park.

Though she was quite young, it was the Philosophy of Plato, in Greek, which she had chosen to read. "Why do you not join the gay party?" said he. "Because I find more enjoyment in my book, than in those sports," she replied. She had discovered that there was pleasure in knowledge.

Knowledge can give the same happiness now, that it gave three hundred years since, to Lady Jane Grey. It does not change with time. Love to read, and to meditate, and to converse about what you learn, and you will hardly fail to think of your teachers with gratitude.

Knowledge gives the power of being extensively useful. Those must therefore, labour to obtain it, who wish to do good in the world. Our country can show many examples of those who have risen to eminent stations, by the efforts of their own minds. They are called *self-made men*, and are an honour to its history.

Dr. Franklin, assisted his father in making candles, and was afterwards a printer's boy. But he found time to read, for he was a lover of knowledge. When he grew up, he became a philosopher, a statesman, an ambassador at the courts of Europe.

He founded libraries for the poor, and sought to spread knowledge among the people. He made discoveries in science, which will cause his name long to be remembered. He is numbered among the benefactors of mankind.

Was it the possession of wealth, or the aid of powerful friends, that made Franklin so great? No. It was simply the love of knowledge, and the good sense to make a right use of it:—that very knowledge which your teachers are trying to give you, and for which you are bound to show them gratitude.

Make it a rule not to go to bed at night, without having learned something, which you did not know in the morning. Try that the knowledge which you acquire, may add to the comfort of your parents, brothers, sisters, and friends, and make you useful when you grow to be a man.

Ask your Heavenly Father, every morning and night, for a heart to obey your teachers, and to get knowledge, not for the pride of it, but as a means of doing good. If you continue to do this for a year you will find such pleasure in the habit, that I should hope it would be unnecessary any longer to urge you to love knowledge, or its teachers, because you would continue to do so, of your own accord.

Alexander the Great, always showed gratitude to

his instructor, Aristotle. He said, "if I am indebted to Philip, for *living*, I am indebted to Aristotle for *living well*." When Stagyra, the native city of Aristotle, had been destroyed in war, Alexander rebuilt, and beautified it, as a mark of affection for his preceptor.

After Marcus Aurelius Antoninus became Emperor of Rome, he treated with the greatest respect, those who had given him knowledge. As long as they lived, he cheered them with his gratitude. After their death, he had their statues made of gold and kept them in his domestic chapel, and used to lay garlands of the choicest flowers upon their tombs.

If heathens showed such tender affection to their teachers, ought we not still more to love those who instruct us in religion? For that is worth more to us, than any thing else. It will remain when other possessions perish.

However long we may be permitted to live on earth, we must leave it at last. If we die without the hope of future happiness, how terrible will be the loss. If we leave this world, with the bright prospect of entering into perfect joy, how unspeakable will be our gain.

Regard therefore, with tender love, those who instruct you how to obtain a mansion in the kingdom of heaven. Ask them to tell you more of that glorious country, and how you may learn the language, and imitate the character of its inhabitants.

Love the teachers of your Sunday-school, and show this love by a respectful deportment. Love your clergyman. He studies and labours that you may become good and happy. Every Sabbath, you

share in his instructions. When he is at home, in his secret chamber, he remembers you in his prayers.

Take pains to convince him, how grateful and affectionate you feel. Meet him with a smiling brow, and respectful manners. It will cheer him when he is weary. Never trifle or behave lightly in his presence. Regard him as the interpreter of the law of the King of kings.

You will better understand your obligations to the teachers of religion, when you are sick, or draw nigh to death. Then the gilding will fall from many gay things that surround you, and the mist from your own eyes, and you will see more clearly, both this world and the next.

A child, who was suddenly seized with a fatal epidemic, said, "Oh father, go to my minister, go to all who have catechised and instructed me in religion, and thank them, in the name of a dying child. How comforting are their words to me now, in this, my time of distress.

"Thank also; those who have taught me to read and work. I bless God, for his great kindness, in granting me a religious education, and the instruction of teachers and ministers. Thus have I gained a comfort, that the world was too poor to afford."

NIGHT'S LESSONS.

NIGHT's lessons! What are they? Does it not shut out the light, that we cannot see? Are not the hills veiled, and the solemn mountains? The loftiest trees, and the humblest flowers, and the brook where we sported, are alike hidden from us.

We cannot find our way along our accustomed walks. A thick curtain is drawn over the most familiar scenes. The book of Nature is shut. And yet you tell us of *Night's lessons*. What can they be?

Every thing around is silent. The noisy wheels and the busy hammer, and the sound of the forge, and the tread of the passing people, are no longer heard. The playful children are at rest. We hear no more the laughter, or the cry of the babe, for it slumbers on the breast of its mother.

The lowing herd, are in their stalls. Every bird is silent in its nest. The hen broods her young chickens, sleeping herself also; and the watch-dog is quiet in his kennel. No voice speaks to us, throughout the silent frame of nature. What then, are Night's lessons?

We are tired. We wish to sleep. Our hands, and our feet are weary. Our limbs, which are growing, ache, and would fain stretch themselves out, and be at rest, that they may expand more perfectly.

The lessons of our school are over. The lights in the distant windows are extinguished, one after the

other. The village will soon be lost in slumber. When all the men, and all the women are asleep, must we keep awake to learn lessons?

In large cities, there may be heard, now and then, the rushing wheel of the traveller. The watchmen pace their round, and cry, "All is well." In the long, cold nights of Norway, the watchmen who guard the capitol, pronounce in a solemn tone, "God bless our good city of Bergen."

In the garrison, or the endangered fortress, the armed sentinel keeps watch, lest they should be surprised by the foe. But in this peaceful village, there is no need of either sentinel or watchman. Why may we not go to sleep, instead of learning Night's lessons?

My son, one of these, you may learn in a moment. Did you say that all will soon be sleeping? No. There is one Eye, that never slumbers. He who made all the people, keepeth watch above the everlasting hills. Commit yourself to His care.

Now, will you learn with me, the second lesson of the night? Lift your eyes to yon glorious canopy. Seest thou not there, a sentinel, set by the Eternal at the northern gate of heaven? The pole-star!

The pole-star! Blessings are breathed upon it, by the weary caravan, fearing the poisonous wind of the desert,—by the red forest-children, seeking their home, beyond the far western prairies,—and by the lonely mariner, upon the pathless ocean.

The stars! See them! The oil in their lamps never burns out. Those glorious constellations, wheel their mighty course unchanged, while, "man

dieth and wasteth away, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

Yon brilliant orbs maintain their places, while countless generations pass away, and nations disappear and are forgotten. Let us bow in humility before Him, who "bringeth out their host by number, who calleth them all by name, through the greatness of his might, for that He is strong in power, not one faileth."

Thirteen times in the year, Night, the Teacher, gives extra lessons. Will you be there to learn them? First, she hangs up, a pale crescent in the west. The ancient Jews hailed its infant beam, and answering fires of joy, were kindled on the hills of Palestine.

Next, she summons forth, a rounded orb, clad in full effulgence, and commits to it, the regency, when the sun retires. Lastly, a slender, waning crescent, appears nightly, like an aged man, ready to descend into the night of the tomb.

"Soon, as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole."

These are some of Night's lessons. Are you tired of them? Or will you learn one more? Lift up your heart to Him who has given you the past day, with thanks for its blessings,—with penitence for its

faults,—with supplication for strength and wisdom, for the time that is to come.

“Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night, sheweth knowledge of God.” Thus meekly and faithfully studying might’s lessons, may we find,

“Even sorrow touch’d by heaven, grows bright
With more than rapture’s ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.”

INSECTS.

You probably know that insects derive their name, from the Latin word, *insecta*, signifying *to cut*, because the bodies of many of them, for instance, the wasp, and the house-fly, seem to be almost divided, or cut in the middle.

Some of the insect-tribes, are exceedingly beautiful. Among these, the butterflies are conspicuous. They are also very numerous, in their varieties. Naturalists count more than a thousand species. Their graceful forms, and brilliant colours, display His skill, who gives the bird its plumage, and the flower its beauty.

Yet not alone for their external garb, do we admire the insect-race. Some of them are exhibit a degree of intelligence, and a system of habits

which are worthy to awaken our curiosity, to inspire us with kindness, or at least to induce the rudest boy to leave them unmolested.

The bee, has long been quoted, as an example of cheerful industry. It gathers its sweet food with a song, amid the earliest dews of the morning. A beehive, on a fine summer's day, is like a busy, and well-ordered city. Throngs are going forth to their accustomed toil, and throngs returning to deposite the fruits of their labours.

If you look through a glass-hive, you will see some building or repairing the cells, some taking care of their young, and others removing whatever encumbers, or deforms, the little, pure apartments. Sometimes you may observe a group, bearing out a dead body.

All the toil abroad,—the nursing-care at home, the arts which preserve wealth, and the funeral honours to the dead, go on without interruption, or interference. "So work the honey-bees," says Shakspeare, "and teach the arts of order, to a peopled kingdom."

A division of labour is established among them. While some nurse the infants, others collect materials for building, others work as masons, bricklayers, or plaisterers, others, like artists or professors of architecture, plan and polish the cells, and give symmetry to the whole.

One of the secrets of their prosperity, is a well-administered government. Their obedience, and attachment to the queen, are wonderful. No resistance is made to her authority, and she seems to govern with equal energy and wisdom.

Bees are said to be capable of attachment to those, under whose care they live. Marmontel, a celebrated French writer, mentions an aunt of his, whom the tenants of the hive, knew and loved. He says, that in damp, or chilly weather, when their wings were torpid, she would take them in her hands, and revive them with her breath, and that so far from hurting her, they distinguished her with a grateful fondness.

Plutarch, the historian, relates a singular story of the bees of Crete, which, in pursuit of flowers, often passed a cape, or promontory, where high winds prevailed. He asserts, that they took with them a particle of gravel, to give weight to their bodies, that they might not be blown away ; as a vessel takes in ballast, ere she pursues her voyage.

The wasp is by no means a favourite. It presents us with no honied essence, and is often too free with its sting. Still, it displays skill, in the construction of its house, which it builds either on the ground, or in the cavity of a tree, with two entrances, and surrounded by a wall. It makes use of the cells, only for the lodgment of its young, and shows great paternal tenderness, and attachment to its home.

The ants give us lessons of industry and prudence. "Consider their ways and be wise," said king Solomon. In summer, they lay up a store, for the winter's want. If they have a heavy load to transport, they unite their strength, until it is drawn to the granary. If a single one, labours under too severe a burden, others hasten to its assistance.

The numerous cells, of their dwellings, are united by little subterranean galleries. If these are mo-

lested, or destroyed, they remove to a different neighbourhood, and construct another habitation. They are said to possess as much sagacity, as perseverance.

When Dr. Franklin was ambassador in France, he was once taking his breakfast alone, in Paris, and observed a number of black ants, climbing over the lumps of sugar. He drove them away, but they returned. To test their ingenuity, he caused the sugar-bowl to be suspended from the ceiling, a few inches above the table.

When all was again quiet, the ants returned, and endeavoured to reach the treasure, by standing upon each other's shoulders. Mounted in this manner, the highest one reached earnestly upwards, but in vain. The chain of ants fell, as fast as it was raised like the pride of the builders of Babel.

After many attempts, they disappeared. The philosopher thought they had given up the matter. Not so. In due time, they were seen descending the string, having scaled the walls, traversed the ceiling, and like Hannibal, crossed the Alps, to fasten upon the spoil.

The white ants, or termites, as they are sometimes called, are very powerful insects. They inhabit warm countries, and their houses are raised in the form of a sugar-loaf, ten or twelve feet in height. Their appetite being as great as their strength, they are very destructive to any object, which they select for food.

With some of the habits of spiders, we are all acquainted. Though the threads of their web are so fine, each one is composed of several strands twisted

together. Within their establishment, they build a secret cell, as soft as silk, where they lie in ambush seeking for prey.

Though we cannot praise the amiable qualities of spiders, we may learn from them a lesson of perseverance. If their house is swept down, they rebuild it. If the stores of food which they had laid up, are destroyed, they hasten to replenish them. They are never discouraged, or dejected.

When King Robert Bruce was defeated, and unfortunate, he was once sitting alone, in a rude apartment, ready to despair. Almost unconsciously, he fixed his eyes upon a spider, which was toiling to construct its web.

Many times was it baffled, ere it could fix its filmy line on the point which it desired. Yet whenever it was disappointed, it returned to the charge, with courage and patience. At length it succeeded.

Robert Bruce, beheld the perseverance of the insect, and received instruction. He resumed his own toils, and was victorious. Here was a king learning from a spider, not to be discouraged at difficulties.

We also will persevere, when we have obstacles to encounter. We will not say, if our studies are difficult, that we cannot comprehend them. If our lessons are long, we will not complain that we are tired, or excuse ourselves, as not having time to get them.

The bee is never tired of industry, nor does the ant shrink back from the heaviest grain of corn, nor the spider despond when its favourite mansion is destroyed, knowing that it has the power to repair it. Let us be as wise as the insects.

The light-giving insects, are wonderful in their construction; the common fire-fly, glittering in the summer-evening, the glow-worm, holding its steadier lantern to the traveller; and the brilliant cucullo, that sparkles amid the tropics, like a ruby. Let us not carelessly extinguish any lamp, that God has kindled, and which man can never relume.

It is a serious fault in the young, to disturb, or destroy innocent insects. A microscope, so displays their exquisite structure, and rich adornment, that we shudder at the thought of destroying them, as if we blotted out a bright trace from the pencil of the Almighty.

What princely robe can be compared with the embroidery on the beetle's wing?—with the fringed plumes of the moth, or the butterfly? Turn your microscope upon them, and answer. Look, in the same manner, at the proboscis, with which the fly tastes the honey-drop, and do not lightly crush out its brief existence.

A fine writer has called the more brilliant insect-tribes, the “winged jewelry of heaven.” If the Almighty has seen fit to create and decorate them, to quicken their little beating hearts, to give them a most delicate net-work of nerves, and to make the simple pleasures of their being dear to them, let us beware how we interfere with His design.

We will not kill any harmless creatures. We will not allow ourselves to give pain to the lowliest, or most deformed. “I would not have for my friend, says Cowper, one who carelessly sets his foot upon a worm.” We have duties to perform, to the whole inferior creation. The Father of us all, has placed

them here, for his own wise purposes, but not to call forth the exercise of savage power, or malevolent dispositions.

USES OF EDUCATION.

“MAKE a crusade against ignorance,” said one of the Presidents of the United States. You know that the crusades were wars, in which many of the princes of Europe united, to take the city of Jerusalem, out of the hands of the Turks.

There were several crusades, and the first commenced, more than seven hundred years ago. The soldiers had crosses of red cloth, sewed upon their garments to distinguish them, and marched under the red-cross banner.

The perseverance with which they surmounted obstacles, and the zeal with which their object was pursued, for a century and a half, are examples for the young, while acquiring their education. This is what was meant, by making a crusade against ignorance.

Look at those nations, where the common people are not able to read and write. In what hopeless vassallage are they crushed. Or if they are roused to faction, or mutiny, with what blind and brute violence, do they follow unprincipled leaders.

It is one of the distinguished blessings of our own dear country, that no person need to be destitute of

knowledge. There was an affecting earnestness in the care of the first settlers of New-England, to provide for the interests of education.

Arriving at Plymouth, as they did, in the depth of winter, obliged to be content with the rudest huts, and sometimes suffering from want of food, as well as fatal sickness, *they* established schools, amid all the hardships of a new colony, and only a few years had elapsed, ere they laid the foundation of a college.

Great exertions are now making among wise and good men, to elevate the character of schools. They should be considered as public benefactors. Frederick William, the late king of Prussia, was not assiduous in establishing an excellent system of education among his people. It was also his object to place a Bible in every cottage. Future generations will honour his memory.

I hope you feel it a privilege to attend school. When there, give your time and thoughts to the employments that are marked out for you. Avoid trifling with idle companions. Keep faithfully every rule. Hold it dishonourable to break a single one.

If you comply with all the wishes of your instructors you will acquire knowledge with pleasure. Converse freely with your parents and friends, about the studies you are pursuing. You will thus fix them more firmly in your memory, and be also in the way of acquiring additional information.

"For the soul to be without knowledge is not good," said King Solomon. How many have been willing to labour very hard for an education, and to work with their own hands, to help defray their ex-

penses, while at school, or college. But I never heard any one say that he was sorry, or had taken more pains to obtain knowledge than it was worth.

In the intervals of school, and during its vacations, spend a part of your time in reading. Select useful books. Those which amuse the fancy are pleasant ; but those which teach wisdom, and impress the examples of goodness and piety, are more proper for the young, who are preparing themselves for the duties of untried life.

After you have made some advance in knowledge, the next step, is to impart it. He who hoards money is a miser. What shall he be called, who locks up knowledge in his own breast ? Open your stores, to those with whom you associate, not from ostentation as king Hezekiah displayed his riches to the Assyrians, and was punished ; but freely, as the sun-beam visits both the cottage, and the palace.

Do not choose to talk about trifles, with your companions. It is not improper to love play, but it is wrong to devote the greatest part of your time and thoughts to it. In the words of the prophet, it is to spend your "money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not."

When you read an improving book, speak to your young friends about it. Relate to them some part of its contents. Ask them to do the same by you. Thank them, when they share with you, these treasures of memory, more earnestly, than when they give you any gift which perishes in the using.

Converse with your class-mates, about the lessons that you have learned together. By imparting good thoughts to the minds of others, and deepening them

there, you put your stock of knowledge in trade, and will increase your capital.

To acquire the benefits of education, is a way of being happy. To dispense them liberally, is a way of doing good. And experience will teach you, that *doing good*, and *being happy*, mean the same thing.

There was once a boy, who made a resolution, that wherever he went, or with whoever he conversed, he would try to make them wiser and better. It was a noble rule, and he faithfully observed it.

He began with the domestics of the family. Next, he tried his young companions. If he met the ignorant and vicious, he sought out some pleasant precept, or kind advice, to which they would be likely to listen. And he was soon respected and beloved.

This excellent habit grew up with him, and was strengthened from above. Throughout the whole of life, he was distinguished by his conversations, his writings, and his charities; and the blessings of many hearts, and the favour of heaven were his reward.

Are there not some, at your own homes, with whom you can profitably divide your knowledge? Have you any younger brothers and sisters? Explain their little books to them. Teach them simple pieces of poetry. Aid them in their lessons.

Thus you will acquire influence over them, for it has been justly said, that "knowledge is power." When you perceive that you have this power, strive to improve their characters. If they are out of humour, soothe them. If they are ignorant, or mistaken, gently set them right.

Teach them to put every thing in its place, when

they have done with it; to return whatever they may have borrowed, to the owner; and to make the best use of their own little possessions. Show them by your own example, how to be industrious, good-tempered, and happy.

In this way, you will extract the pure gold of knowledge, and turn it to its true use,—the purchase of goodness and virtue. And how can you better repay a portion of your immense debt to your parents, than by thus assisting to enrich and beautify the unfolding minds of their little ones?

Have you not also, some knowledge, to bestow in charity? Can you teach any person to read? Uneducated children sometimes do wrong, from very ignorance. It is true benevolence to instruct them in their duty, and to endeavour to make them love it.

So shall your education, both elevate your own mind, and benefit the souls of others. And so, will you best show your gratitude to our Father in Heaven, for the privilege of living in a land where knowledge is free to all.

Sir William Jones was a man of great learning. He understood twenty-six languages. So distinguished were his attainments, and his virtues, that it was pronounced a happiness to the world, that he had ever been born.

But he was not proud of his knowledge. "If, said he, I am asked who is the *greatest* man, I answer, the *best*: and if I am required to say who is the best, I reply, he who has deserved most of his fellow-creatures."

THE TREMBLING EYE-LID.

It was the day before Christmas, in the year 1778, during our war of revolution, that an armed vessel sailed out of Boston. She was strongly built, and carried twenty guns, and a crew of one hundred and five persons; with provisions for a cruise of six months.

She made a fine appearance, as she spread her broad sails, and steered out of the harbour. Many hearts wished her success. And she bore as goodly a company of bold and skilful seamen, as ever braved the perils of the deep.

Soon the north wind blew, and brought a heavy sea into the bay. The night proved dark, and they came to anchor with difficulty, near the harbour of Plymouth. The strong gale that buffeted them, became a storm, and the storm, a hurricane.

Snow fell, and the cold was terribly severe. The vessel was driven from her moorings, and struck on a reef of rocks. She began to fill with water, and they were obliged to cut away her masts. The sea rose above her main deck, sweeping over it with its dark surges.

They made every exertion that courage could prompt, or hardihood endure. But so fearful were the wind and cold, that the stoutest man was not able to strike more than two or three blows, in cutting away the masts, without being relieved by another.

The wretched people thronged together upon the quarter-deck, which was crowded almost to suffocation. They were exhausted with toil and suffering, but could obtain neither provisions, nor fresh water. These were all covered by the deep sea, when the vessel became a wreck.

But, unfortunately, the crew got access to ardent spirits, and many of them drank, and became intoxicated. Insubordination, mutiny, and madness ensued. The officers, remained clear-minded, but lost all authority over the crew, who raved around them.

A more frightful scene, can scarcely be imagined: the dark sky,—the raging storm,—the waves breaking wildly over the rocks, and threatening every moment to swallow up the broken vessel,—and the half-frozen beings who maintained their icy hold on life, lost to reason, and to duty, or fighting fiercely with each other.

Some lay in disgusting stupidity; others, with fiery faces, blasphemed God. Some, in temporary delirium, fancied themselves in palaces, surrounded by luxury, and brutally abused the servants, who they supposed, refused to do their bidding.

Others there were, who amid the beating of that pitiless tempest, believed themselves in the homes that they never more must see, and with hollow, reproachful voices, besought bread, and wondered why water was withheld from them by the hands that were most dear.

A few, whose worst passions were quickened by alcohol, to a fiend-like fury, assaulted or wounded those who came in their way, making their shrieks

of defiance, and their curses heard above the roar of the storm. Intemperance never displayed itself in more distressing attitudes.

At length, Death began to do his work. The miserable creatures fell every hour upon the deck, frozen stiff and hard. Each corpse, as it became breathless, was laid upon a heap of dead, that more space might be left for the survivors. Those who drank most freely, were the first to perish.

On the third day of these horrors, the inhabitants of Plymouth, after making many ineffectual attempts, reached the wreck, not without danger. What a melancholy spectacle! Lifeless bodies, hardened into every form, that suffering could devise.

Many lay in a vast pile. Others sat, with their heads reclining on their knees; others, grasping the ice-covered ropes; some in a posture of defence like the dying gladiator: and others, with hands held up to heaven, as if deprecating their awful fate.

Orders were given to search earnestly for every mark or sign of life. One boy was distinguished amid a mass of dead, only by the trembling of one of his eye-lids. The poor survivors were kindly received into the houses of the people of Plymouth, and every effort used for their restoration.

The captain and lieutenant, and a few others, who had abstained from the use of ardent spirits, survived. The remainder were buried, some in separate graves, and others in a large pit, whose hollow is still to be seen, on the south-west side of the burial ground in Plymouth.

The funeral obsequies were most solemn. When

the clergyman, who was to perform the last services, first entered, the church, and saw more than seventy dead bodies, some fixing upon him their stony eyes, and others, with faces stiffened into the horrible expression of their last mortal agony, he was so affected, as to faint.

Some, were brought on shore alive, and received every attention, but survived only a short time. Others, were restored after long sickness, but with limbs so injured by frost, as to become cripples for life.

In a village, at some distance from Plymouth, a widowed mother, with her daughter, were seen constantly attending a couch, on which lay a sufferer. It was the boy, whose trembling eye-lid attracted the notice of pity, as he lay among the dead.

“Mother, he said, in a feeble tone, God bless you for having taught me to avoid ardent spirits. It was this that saved me. After those around me grew intoxicated, I had enough to do, to protect myself from them.

Some attacked, and dared me to fight; others pressed the poisonous draught to my lips, and bade me drink. My lips and throat were parched with thirst. But I knew if I drank with them, I must lose my reason as they did, and perhaps, blaspheme my Maker.

One by one, they died, those poor, infuriated wretches. Their shrieks and groans, still seem to ring in my ears. It was in vain that the captain and other officers, and a few good men, warned them of what would ensue, if they thus continued to drink,

and tried every method in their power, to restore them to order.

They still fed upon the fiery liquor. They grew delirious. They died in heaps. Dear mother, our sufferings from hunger and cold, you cannot imagine. After my feet were frozen, but before I lost the use of my hands, I discovered a box, among fragments of the wreck, far under water.

I toiled with a rope to drag it up. But my strength was not sufficient. A comrade, who was still able to move a little, assisted me. At length, it came within our reach. We hoped that it might contain bread, and took courage.

Uniting our strength, we burst it open. It contained only a few bottles of olive oil. Yet we gave God thanks. For we found that by occasionally moistening our lips with it, and swallowing a little, it allayed the gnawing, burning pain in the stomach.

Then my comrade died. And I laid beside him, like a corpse, surrounded by corpses. Presently, the violence of the tempest, that had so long raged, subsided, and I heard quick footsteps, and strange voices amid the wreck, where we lay.

They were the blessed people of Plymouth, who had dared every danger, to save us. They lifted in their arms, and wrapped in blankets, all who could speak. Then they earnestly sought all who could move. But every drunkard, was among the dead.

And I was so exhausted with toil, and suffering, and cold, that I could not stretch a hand to my deliverers. They passed me again and again. They carried the living to the boat. I feared that I was left behind.

Then I prayed earnestly, in my heart, "Oh Lord, for the sake of my widowed mother,—for the sake of my dear sister, save me." I believed that the last man had gone, and besought the Redeemer to receive my spirit.

But I felt a warm breath on my face. I strained every nerve. My whole soul strove and shuddered within me. Still my body was immoveable as marble. Then a loud voice said, "Come back, and help me out with this poor lad. One of his eye-lids trembles. He lives."

"Oh, the music of that voice to me! The trembling eye-lid, and the prayer to God, and your lessons of temperance, my mother, saved me." Then the loving sister embraced him with tears, and the mother said, "praise be to Him who hath spared my son, to be the comfort of my age."

FILIAL VIRTUES OF WASHINGTON.

SOME of the most interesting anecdotes of the early years of Washington, are such as connect him with his mother, or were derived from her narrations. She was a dignified and excellent woman, and is remembered with respect and love, by all who had the honour of her acquaintance.

Her husband died, while their children were young. So, she had the sole care of their government and education. For this great charge she was eminently

qualified. She was often asked what course she had pursued, in training up her illustrious son. And her reply was, "I only required *obedience, diligence, and truth.*"

These were the simple rules by which Washington became good and great. They were wrought in with the elements of his character, until his *goodness, became greatness*, and his *greatness, goodness*. Is there any thing, in these three precepts of *obedience, diligence, and truth*, which those who read this book, are unwilling or careless to observe?

Washington, when a boy, was taught to be accurate in all his statements. He told things exactly as they were, and repeated words just as they had been spoken. If he had committed a fault, he did not try to conceal it, or lay the blame upon others.

Whatever his errors were, and the best child in the world, sometimes does wrong, he always spoke of them to his mother, without disguise, and without delay. This was the foundation of that noble frankness, and contempt of deceit, which distinguished him through life, and made him revered by all.

Once, from an indiscretion of his boyhood, a considerable loss was incurred. He knew that it would interfere with favourite plans of his mother, give pain to her feelings, and perhaps awaken her severe displeasure. But he did not hesitate in his duty. He went immediately to her, and made a full acknowledgment; and she said, "I had rather this should have taken place, than my son should be guilty of a falsehood."

She was careful not to injure him by indulgence, or luxurious food. She required him to rise early.

and never permitted him to be idle. Labours were sometimes assigned him, which the children of wealthy parents might have accounted severe. Thus he acquired strength, firmness of frame, and disregard of hardship.

He was taught to have certain hours, for certain employments, and to be punctual. The systematic improvement of time, thus early taught, was of immense service, when the mighty concerns of a nation devolved on him. Then he found leisure for the transaction of the smallest affairs, in the midst of the most important and conflicting duties.

It was observed, by those who surrounded his person that he neglected nothing, and was never known to be in a hurry. He was remarkable for neatness, yet spent but little time in arranging his dress.

When our country was in a perilous situation, and he was occupied with its most perplexing affairs, no part of his dress betrayed negligence, and no haste of manner, showed absence of mind. He was undisturbed by such accidents, as irritate those who have not learned to govern their tempers.

His habits of early rising, and strict attention to order, gave him time for every thing, so that the pressure of public business, never rendered him inattentive to private duty, domestic courtesy, or kind hospitality. In winter, he rose two hours before day, and in summer was ready to enjoy the freshness and beauty of the dawn.

Such benefits did a man, whom the world beheld with admiration, derive from the counsels of a mother, who accustomed him to habits of early rising, order, and industry. His obedience to her, was

cheerful and unvarying. Even after he attained mature years, and a nation regarded him as its deliverer and ruler, the expression of her slightest wish was a law.

From childhood, he repaid her care with the deepest affection, and yielded his will to her's, without a murmur. At the age of fourteen, having read many voyages, he conceived a desire to go to sea. The office of a midshipman had been prepared for him, and every thing was in readiness for his departure.

Preparing to take leave of his mother, he found her more distressed than he had ever seen her, and discovered that she had not fully stated to him her objections to this mode of life. He threw himself into her arms, and offered to relinquish his favourite purpose, if she desired. She accepted the noble sacrifice.

He watched from the window, the boat which was conveying the officers to the ship, and in which his own baggage had been placed. The bright anticipations which he had long cherished, faded away. His mother inquired, if he regretted his resolution to remain. "Indeed, said he, I strongly wished to go, but I cannot make you unhappy." "God will reward your filial affection, my son," was the answer.

Her influence over him, was strengthened by the dignity with which true piety invested her. This gave her elevation of feeling, and serenity of mind. During many periods of our revolution, the fears of the people were distressing, even to despondence. Mistaken reports were often in circulation, which agonized the hearts of those, whose friends were exposed to danger.

More than once was the Mother of Washington told, that our army was defeated, and her son a prisoner. "He is in the hand of God, was her reply; and has been accustomed to act in difficult situations."

Again, it would be announced to her, "a great victory has been gained by Washington." And she answered, "Give the praise to God." Such equanimity, and constant presence of mind, arose from the inspiring confidence of a Christian's faith.

At length, the blessings of peace and independence, were granted to our nation; and Washington, who for eight years, had been divided from the comforts of home, hasted with filial reverence, to receive his mother's blessing. He, who had been pronounced "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his country-men," came to lay his honours at her feet, who planted the seeds of virtue in his soul.

When a grateful nation, by electing him its first President, conferred on him, the highest gift in its power to bestow, he waited on his mother, at her residence in Fredericksburg, to inform her of his appointment. He was now illustrious and applauded, both by the Old and New World. He had lived more than half a century, without a stain upon his fame.

Yet he bowed down with the same deep reverence to his maternal guide, as when in childhood, he learned his lessons at her knee, or repeated from the Bible, "my son, forsake not the law of thy mother."

As she advanced in years, he affectionately urged

her to make Mount-Vernon her home,—that he might have the pleasure of daily studying her wishes, and promoting her comfort. This filial request was soothing to her feelings,—but she preferred to remain in her own retired abode.

There was a beautiful spot near her dwelling, shaded with trees, and covered with the freshest turf, where she frequently resorted, when the weather would permit, for reading, meditation, and prayer. Of this secluded retreat, she said to her son, “Let me be buried there, when God shall call my spirit to himself.” Washington held this command most sacred.

When at a very advanced age, his mother was summoned to meet that Being, whom she had trusted in youth, he hastened to give her the last proofs of his affection. He tenderly hung over her, as she breathed her last, and with pious grief closed her eyes.

In obedience to her request, he laid her, in the shady, secluded dell, where she had chosen her grave. There, beneath those trees, where she had so long been accustomed to hold devout communion with her Maker, she slept, for many years, without a stone.

Travellers, who have visited Mount-Vernon, often repaired to the lowly bed of the honoured matron, whom the father of his country so strongly resembled, both in person, and in mind. Her tomb is now designated by a tasteful marble monument, bearing the beautiful inscription,

“Mary, the mother of Washington.”

It would be easy to adduce many examples of celebrated men, who were distinguished for filial affection, and on whom a widowed mother has reposed every care, with entire confidence. When Fulton, the inventor of the steam-boat, was young, he had no means of acquiring a subsistence, but by his own industry.

He had a taste for drawing and painting, and by employments of this kind, obtained a supply for his wants. But the first considerable sum, which he ever earned, he immediately, and joyfully expended, to purchase a small farm for his mother.

"What would I give," said the talented Charles Lamb, in a letter to a friend, "What would I give to call back to earth, my mother, but for one day, on my knees to ask her pardon, for all those little asperities of temper, which from time to time, have given her gentle spirit pain. Oh, my friend, cultivate filial feelings."

We have now seen the illustrious Washington, the leader of a victorious army, the first magistrate of a grateful people, and the object of admiration to the civilized world, in the character of an obedient, affectionate son. We have traced his virtues back, to that submission to maternal authority, which marked his early years.

We have seen visibly descending on him, that blessing promised in the Holy Scriptures, to those who honour their parents. She, whom he ever regarded with such tenderness and reverence, said he, "learned to command others, by first learning to obey."

We remember, that it is written of one far greater

than Washington, that "he was subject unto his mother." Let no son imagine that it is manly to despise the authority of a mother, or that God will forget to punish disobedience and disrespect.

Those who in the morning of life, are ambitious of future eminence, should lay the foundation in filial virtue. Let them not expect to be either fortunate or happy, while they neglect the injunction, "My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother."

WINTER.

"I wish the whole year was but one long summer," said a little girl, to her brother. "I so love to run on the green grass, and to take care of my flowers, and I cannot bear to see them go under the frozen ground, and be covered with the cold ice and snow."

"Sister, we boys would not agree with you. We should vote for the winter,—the sliding down hill, and the skating. We do not mind the cold; it only calls more blood into the cheeks, and makes us bold and vigorous."

The mother, who listened to their conversation, said, "My children, every season has its beauties. Each, is the gift of a Being of love and wisdom. No doubt their change, heightens our enjoyment. Yet,

I have often thought, that winter did not have its due."

Let us inquire into the case, and see if we cannot give Winter its due. It is very generally spoken against, especially by delicate ladies, and invalids. We would desire to be just to every thing. So, let us seek out the merits of the season of ice and snow.

Spring gives us buds, Summer, flowers, and Autumn, fruit. But Winter brings frost, and icicles, and piercing cold. The drifted snow lies deep on the plain. The bleak winds blow. Storms confine us to the house, or we go out in them, and feel uncomfortable, perhaps complain.

Still, this dreary season, has some redeeming virtues. In summer, men travel about; they wander wide in pursuit of pleasures. In winter, they seek happiness at home. Then the sweet affections of the heart, blossom; and the blessed charities, whose seeds are sown by the fireside, are brought to greater perfection.

The little babe sees more of its father, whose business calls him less from home. It sits longer upon his knee, and imprints many kisses upon his cheek, and winds itself more closely round his heart. The boy sits with his books by the lamp, and talks of his lessons with his mother; and the knowledge which her love softens, is sweet to his soul.

Under the burning suns of summer, the farmer works and is wearied. The short nights, scarcely refresh him, after the labour of the long days. But the winter is a time of rest. He sits with his family

around him, by the evening fireside, and reads, and meditates, and gathers wisdom.

The long evening, and the cheerful fire, open heart to heart. Social feelings expand, and friendships flourish. The student gains more time for meditation. Winter-knowledge strikes a deeper root; for the beautiful things of summer dissipate thought, and make the mind desultory.

Nature enjoys repose. The trees cease from the labour of putting forth leaves, and the plants, willingly lay their meek heads in the snow-cradle. The stream stays its hurrying foot, and the cascade rests from its leaping. The furrowed earth, enjoys a sabbath, and prepares to meet with renewed vigour the season of toil.

Winter, is also the time for quickening sympathy and benevolence. The poor need fuel, and food. The shivering child must be clad. Go into the cold habitations of the sons and daughters of penury. See what the sick and the sorrowful need, and report their cases to those who have power to relieve them. So, shall you return to your own comfortable dwelling, with deeper gratitude, and the thought of having soothed others' pain, shall give you higher, and more sacred joy.

Were there no winter, there would be less of prudent and provident foresight, in the world. This is a virtue, and it strengthens by exercise. The father thinks, during the mild season, what will be necessary to make his family comfortable, for approaching winter. The mother calculates what garments will be needed to shield her little ones.

In those cares there is comfort, because they are

duties. They are such cares as quicken industry, and strengthen judgment, and deepen affection. If there was no winter, to call them into habitual exercise, the butterfly might have a longer time to flaunt, but the ants would lose their distinctive excellence, and the honey of the bee would have a slighter value.

Are there not some stores, which are laid up in autumn, to enliven the winter-evening?—the ruddy apple?—the enduring pear?—the varied nuts of the forest? So there are treasures, which may be laid up in winter, for other seasons,—kind recollections,—useful knowledge,—active sympathies. The kernels of such nuts are sweet. The essence of such fruit does not decay. Time cannot impair their flavour. Let us lay them up in abundance.

Why should we complain so much of a season, that brings us the buds of affection,—the flowers of benevolence,—the fruits of wisdom? If winter has in it some mixture of discipline, let us receive it meekly, with a conviction that it is for our good. So, shall our winters be remembered in that world where no ice binds the pure stream, and where there is neither storm nor tempest.

SHELL-FISHES.

WE know very little of the habits of the smaller inhabitants of the deep. Naturalists divide them into a great number of classes. Some of these, are

called testaceous ; others crustaceous. The former have a hard, permanent shell, capable of growth ; the latter have a thinner covering, which may be cast off for a new one to grow. The oyster is testaceous ; the lobster, crustaceous.

You have doubtless, often admired the variety and delicacy of those exquisitely pencilled shells, which ornament so many parlours and cabinets. They display His skill, who has given to the birds their brilliant plumage, and to the wild flowers of the field, their beauty.

In treatises of Conchology, you will find thousands of shells classified and arranged, according to their respective orders. We cannot here give even a sketch of the outlines of so extensive a science. All that will be attempted, is to give a few traits of character, of some of the tenants, of those curious mansions.

The Pinnæ, has the power of throwing out fine, silken threads. Hence it has been sometimes called the "silk-worm of the ocean." It adheres strongly to rocks, by a thick tuft of these threads. When broken off and cleansed, they are capable of being made into useful articles of dress.

A manufactory of gloves and stockings, from the silk of the Pinnæ, is established at Palermo, in Sicily. The females there, sometimes steep it in strong acid, and then press it with a warm iron, which imparts a beautiful yellow-brown colour, like the burnished gold of a beetle's wing.

The Pinnæ, this industrious silk-spinner, is entirely blind. But it lodges in its own shell, a small, quick-sighted crab. This tenant goes out to provide food,

and at returning, taps gently at the door of its blind landlord, who readily opens to receive it.

Still it is not satisfied with paying for its lodging in provisions. It performs a higher office, by announcing when the cuttle-fish,—the mortal foe of the Pinnæ, is near; and thus often saves the life of its sightless companion.

This league of friendship and defence, under the waters, did not escape the observation of the ancient naturalists. Both Pliny and Aristotle, mention that the Pinnæ, was never unattended by this faithful protector and provider, who was literally, “eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame.”

The Solen, or Razor-Sheath, obtains this name, from a resemblance to a case for razors. It is furnished with an apparatus for digging, yet cannot aspire to the honourable title of gardener, as it only excavates a hiding-place for itself. If the sand is soft, it is able to dig a cell, two feet in depth, where it shuts itself up at pleasure, like a solitary student.

The Lepas, or Sea-Acorn, when the waters are boisterous, shuts its little door, and excludes them, as we do the storm. It adheres very closely to rocks, or stones, or the bottoms of vessels. Sailors call the sea-acorns, barnacles, and count them enemies, as they are troublesome to ships. A very large, old whale, was taken in the Pacific Ocean, whose head was rough, with multitudes of these shells.

The Chiton, or Coat of Mail, has a shell, like a suit of ancient armour. Its valves, eight in number, are so constructed, that it can roll itself up like a ball, when it chooses. This knight of the deep sea, is

often seen walking among the rocks, or attached to waving wreaths of sea-weed and coral.

The *Teredo*, has the power of penetrating wood, and derives its name from a Greek word, signifying to *bore*. It uses one pair of its valves as flood-gates, to admit the water into its dwelling, when it desires. It clings to the sides and bottoms of ships, and other timber, which it perforates.

The *Pholas*, like a mason, opens for itself an entrance into stone. There it hides whenever it chooses to be concealed. Its name, which is from the Greek, signifies something *hidden*. Though its movements are slow, it succeeds, in penetrating the hardest rocks, even when it is young and feeble; and thus gives us from its cell in the deep sea, a lesson of perseverance.

The *Soldier-snail*, if it sees a shell that suits its fancy, and finds the inhabitant weaker than itself, wounds, dislodges it, and takes possession, in the true spirit of a robber chieftain. There it keeps guard,—its head and claws protruding, ready to defend the stolen fortress.

The *Trochus*, is a pirate. With its strong trunk, toothed at the extremity like a saw, it forces its way, through the most impenetrable shell, and devours the tenant. When it once grapples, nothing can dislodge it, and it is sometimes weeks in feeding on the vitals of its prey. Multitudes of shells thrown up on the beach, pierced with round holes, attest its ravages.

The depths of the sea, like the surface of the earth, have some characters, that are willing to over-reach their neighbours. Lobsters, trouble

oysters, and lie in wait to eat them. When the oyster opens its shell, for fresh air, or a draught of water, its crustaceous friend is ready to dart upon it.

A fine, fat oyster was once observed upon the beach, opening its door, to meet the approaching tide. A lobster put forth its red hands to sieze the prey, thrice, but in vain. It waited until the oyster should open the fourth time, and then cunningly threw a pebble between the valves, which prevented them from closing, and thus enjoyed the spoil at its leisure.

When Scallop-Shells find themselves deserted by the tide, they open their valves as wide as possible, and continue to take long leaps, until they reach their native element. Testaceous animals, can enlarge their habitations, repair them when they are injured, and stain them of various colours.

The Argonaut raises itself to the surface of the water, when it chooses. If it is calm, it throws out two or more little arms, for oars; if a breeze springs up, it spreads a fine membrane, as a sail, and scuds before the wind. If it is apprehensive of danger, it suddenly draws in a quantity of water, whose weight sinks it to the bottom of the sea.

The Nautilus inhabits a pearly palace, containing thirty or forty apartments. Its own residence is in the largest one, which communicates with all the rest. In fine weather, little fleets of the Nautilus may be seen, fearlessly steering over the mighty ocean.

To the skill of these tiny, and most expert sailors, guiding their frail, and beautiful barks over the fathomless waters, it is said the art of navigation

owes its origin. A fine poet gives them the honour of being teachers to the mariner :—

“ Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.”

The Chama-Gigas, or the Giant-Clam, is the largest of all the testaceous tribes. Linnæus mentions one, which weighed four hundred and ninety-eight pounds, and furnished a day's provision for one hundred and twenty men ; and the violent closing of whose valves, could snap a cable in sunder. Sir Joseph Banks has recorded that one weighing five hundred and seven pounds, was found in the island of Sumatra.

A shell of this kind, is placed on a table, at Plymouth, when the anniversary of the landing of the ancestors of New-England is celebrated. A very large one, which was given by the Venetians, to Francis the First, of France, is still used as a baptismal font, in the church of St. Sulpice, at Paris.

Some of the varieties of the Oyster, have coloured shells, and the power of leaping to a considerable distance. Darting through the billows, with their brilliant sparkling tints, they have sometimes obtained the appellation of the “butterflies of the ocean.”

The Ostrea-Arborea, or Tree-Oyster, is found attached to shrubs or roots, which extend into sheltered bays, harbours, or rivers. In tropical regions, it often presents a finely variegated mixture of vivid colours ; and when a bough thus loaded, is washed for the table, it is frequently too heavy for a man to carry.

The Pearl-Oysters afford employment, for numerous fisheries. The largest, and even the smallest specimens, which are called seed-pearls, have always been highly valued as ornaments, by the wealthy and tasteful. "The pearl of great price," is the image chosen by our Saviour, to express the purity and precious nature of the Gospel.

Many divers are employed in searching for pearls. The employment is dangerous, and destructive to life. It is so painful, especially when first commenced, that blood is often forced from the ears, nose, and mouth.

A diver, who once descended into the straits of Messina, saw there, with horror, enormous polypi, attached to the rocks, whose arms, several feet long, and extending in every direction, might strangle the strongest man in their embrace. The shark, also, with its hideous jaws, yawns upon the daring adventurer.

The bottom of the Adriatic, has been ascertained to be a compact bed of shells, of a great thickness. That of the Red-Sea, is a forest of submarine plants, madrepores, sponges, and mosses, interspersed with grottoes, where the coral insect is busied, among its beautiful creations.

Sometimes the bed of the sea, presents only a surface of smooth, bright sand, extending hundreds of miles. In many parts, near America, it is covered with vegetable formation, and looks green like a meadow, where thousands of turtles and sea-monsters roam, and seek their food.

An English vessel once stopped at the barren island of Ascension, which you know is in the Atlan-

tic Ocean, in seven degrees of south latitude, not far from St. Helena, where Buonaparte died. Turtles abound there, and the crew, after feasting on as many as they desired, undertook to carry some home with them.

But all their captive turtles died on the voyage, except one, who, being very spirited, and having lost an arm, before it would be taken, they named *Lord Nelson*. When they reached England, it was languid, and almost expiring. So they amused themselves with cutting its name, on the under part of its shell, and threw it into the sea.

Two years after, the same vessel, touched at the same island. The sailors were again busy in catching turtles. They turned a large one upon its back, that they might the more easily take it, and what did they see?—the words "*Lord Nelson*," engraved upon it!

They also perceived that one of its arms was missing. It was their old acquaintance. But who guided it, two thousand miles, through the depths of the pathless ocean, to its own home? How did it defend itself, weak and wounded as it was, against the ravenous monsters, of the deep, dark sea?

Is home, then, as dear to the wandering denizen of the ocean, as to the bird, who, returning from its annual migration, builds its nest upon the same tree, and gathers crumbs from the same threshold, where its last unfledged brood were reared? Who can answer us this question, save He who breathed life into all the inhabitants of the deep?

We admire the exquisite beauty of the shell-palaces, which are occasionally exhibited to our view,

But of the habits and instincts of their tenants, our knowledge is small. Still, in the fragments which we gather, we perceive Infinite Goodness active for the frail, as well as the mighty habitants of the world of waters.

How beautiful and appropriate are the words of the inspired Psalmist, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works. In wisdom hast thou made them all. The earth is full of thy riches. So also, is the great and wide sea."

PATRIOTISM.

PATRIOTISM, is to be willing to make sacrifices, and endure hardships, for the good of our country. History gives many instances, where property, has been devoted, and life itself laid down,—to aid in liberating a native land from oppression.

Patriots often become illustrious by their deeds, and their names are conspicuous in the annals of history. Yet there is much true patriotism, on a humbler scale, which never wins the notice of the world. An instance of this, I am going to relate to you.

During the contest between Great Britain and the United States, which is called the revolutionary war, our army endured many hardships, especially in the severe winter, with which the year 1779 closed, and that of 1780 began. They were then stationed at Morristown, in New Jersey.

I once knew a soldier of the revolution. His head was white as if covered with snow. He filled a respectable rank in society, and was beloved for kindness of heart and piety. He was gratified that I asked him for tales of other days, and he told me the following story of the winter at Morristown.

“Early in the month of November, 1779, said he, our army under General Washington, left the vicinity of Hudson River, and the White Plains, to go into winter quarters. Snow had already fallen,—so that we had the prospect of a dreary season.

The roads were in a most uncomfortable state, from rain, and melting snows, and we marched four days, with feet and limbs continually wet and cold. We reached Morristown, weary and way-worn, and were permitted, the first night, to sleep in the houses and barns of the inhabitants.

The next morning, early, we were ordered two miles northward, to a thick, dark forest, to cut down trees, and build huts, to shelter us during the winter. Almost every day, snow fell, and the cold was extreme. We slept on the frozen ground, wrapped in a single blanket.

We worked very hard to complete our hovels of logs. In about a week, they were ready to admit their tenants. We took possession of these rude, dark cabins, with more joy than a king enters his palace, for we better knew the value of shelter from a storm.

We now hoped to pass in quietness, the dreary months, till Spring should call us forth, to the service of our country. But greater trials awaited us. Ere long, provisions began to fail. The severe cold, had frozen much earlier than usual, the waters of the

Hudson and Delaware, so that no supplies could arrive by boats.

New-Jersey, was not able, for any length of time, to provide from her own resources, for such a multitude. Our daily allowance of food, was reduced to one half. Then, to a quarter. Only four ounces of bread, and four of meat, were served to each man, for twenty-four hours. The cravings of hunger were intense.

Still, the afflicting scarcity grew more severe. This scanty pittance was at length dealt out, only once in two days. But the suffering was borne with astonishing patience. The half-famished soldiers sustained themselves, with the love of their country, and the hope of better times. Some, even strove, by amusing and playful conversation, to keep up the spirits of their comrades.

A deeper trial was reserved for us. Four bitter wintry days and nights, not a morsel of food was given out. None could be procured. The strongest men became weak,—and the voices of the more feeble, grew so faint, as scarcely to be audible. But there was no murmuring. We felt it was the poverty of our beloved country, that we were sharing,—and believed, that in God's good time, relief would come.

After this dreadful abstinence of four days, some wheat was obtained. One gill of raw wheat, was the portion for each soldier. We hastened to boil and eat it,—drinking also the water, in which it had been boiled.

While we were devouring the food, a gun was heard within the encampment. A lean, miserable

dog had wandered thither. The poor animal was immediately shot, and cooked for some of the officers, who were so reduced by famine, as to be thankful for such a repast.

Another fast of four days ensued, rendered more painful, by the extreme cold; which threatened to turn every thing into ice. On the fifth morning, before the sun rose, a majestic man was seen, with the bridle of his horse around his arm.

He stopped at the door of every hut. He affectionately asked each soldier "*how he fared.*" It was Washington. Tears escaped from his eyes, at the sight of our sorrows. Only the night before, had he learned their full extent. He had not slept. Ere the dawn, he hastened, notwithstanding the terrible cold, to visit us.

His countenance, and words, revealed the deepest sympathy. At the sight of his distress, many cheerful voices exclaimed, "General, we do not complain. We can bear this longer, if it is the will of heaven. We are ready to defend our country, whenever you call us to the field."

This patience and patriotism, affected Washington still more keenly. He could scarcely command his voice, as he thanked and blessed them. He assured them, that if it were in the power of man, relief should be sent them, before the close of day.

A little past noon, the steward's call was heard throughout the camp. We rushed to the spot. To each of us, was weighed out, four ounces of beef, as free from bone, as possible. Overcome by the fierceness of appetite, some swallowed it raw, as soon as it reached their hands.

On the following day, we received four ounces of bread. Much in the same manner, our food continued to be regularly, though scantily, distributed, until winter was past, and spring recalled us to other toils and perils.

Yet scarcity of provisions, was not the only cause of our suffering at Morristown. The weather was fearfully severe, and our clothing old, and insufficient. Snow, for a long time covered the ground, to the depth of three, and four feet.

During more than six weeks, not the least thawing was perceived, even in the noon-day sun. No water could be obtained by the soldiers, but melted ice and snow. They were generally destitute of shoes, so that the guard, when they were upon duty, might be tracked by the blood from their feet, reddening their path of snow.

But every hardship was bravely endured, for the sake of the love, we bare our country. Looking with hope to her independence, we took part in her hard lot, like children with a parent, and suffered hunger, and cold, and nakedness, and the want of all things, without repining."

Here the aged man finished his story, and when I reflected how many young people there are, who have been always provided with food, warm clothing, and a comfortable shelter, and yet are little thankful for such favours, perhaps, sometimes discontented, I thought it might be well for them to hear, how nobly great sufferings were endured, by men of other times, who loved their country.

If any of you who now read this account, should ever travel through Morristown, and admire its

beautiful scenery and pure atmosphere, it would be well to search out the spot, where our army were encamped, during that severe winter.

It would be cheering to those who have borne such hardships, to know that the children of that country, for whose liberties they toiled, remember their services with gratitude.—Become acquainted with the forms in which their patriotism was tried ; that you may be able to tell your own children, how the blessings of our free government were purchased.

Yet while we praise the patriots of our revolution, let us never forget that war is a great evil. It must ever be considered so, when we take a serious view of the miseries that it occasions. Pain, mourning, and death, the interruption of the honest pursuits of industry, and those arts of peace, which constitute the prosperity of a nation, are in its train.

Such wars as are rendered necessary for self-defence, or the preservation of liberty, cannot be reprobated like those which spring from the promptings of ambition, or the desire of conquest. Let us pray that our beloved country may be kept from the evils of war, and that we may be enabled to show our patriotism, not in the field of battle, but by setting an example of every virtue, as good and peaceful citizens.

THE ONLY SON.

FRANK WILSON was an only son. His parents were among the most respectable people in the

town where they resided. They were very indulgent to him. He was a well-disposed, affectionate boy, and did not abuse their kindness.

He went cheerfully to school, and came regularly home, and was content to do what his father and mother thought best. This good conduct gave to his countenance, an agreeable expression; so that people were in the habit of saying, they had seldom seen an only child so obedient and happy.

He had an unmarried uncle, who was very fond of him. He was quite rich, and had said something about making Frank his heir. So, the parents frequently consulted him about their son, and he was pleased to give advice respecting his education.

Once, the uncle said, "I think you had better send Frank from home." The father replied, "I do not see the necessity of it. Our schools here, are considered among the best in the country; and boys are sent to them from other States."

"That may be," the uncle answered, "and yet he ought to go from home. He is not as manly as other boys. I see him sometimes putting his arm around his mother's neck, or sitting with her hand in his, which is very childish you know."

So, Frank felt under restraint when his uncle visited them. He was afraid to show fondness for his parents, or to express his affectionate feelings, on other occasions, lest it should not be manly.

At length, the uncle prevailed on the parents of Frank, to have him sent from home, for two years before he entered college, engaging to pay the expenses of his board and tuition, at a celebrated academy, in a distant State.

But the mother had many misgivings. She said, "I now know, at least, that my boy is not in bad company. This, I cannot know, when he is away from me. While he studies his lessons by our fire-side, in the evening, I feel that he is not exposed to evil example; and he is always contented with me."

"That is the misfortune, sister. He is altogether too contented with you. Your husband is a good deal occupied with his business, and boys brought up by women, are good for nothing. He must be sent from home, or he will never be a man."

It was in vain, the mother argued, that when the home was a good one, and the school a good one, and the boy making good progress, and in good habits, that a change might be for the worse. Her objections were supposed by the uncle, to spring from unwillingness to part with her son, and as the father had consented, she at length consented also.

Frank was pleased at the thought of seeing new places, and making new acquaintances. The preparations for his wardrobe, and supply of books, being on a more liberal scale, than he had been accustomed to, flattered his vanity, and kept him in good spirits.

But when the last trunk was locked, and he sat between his father and mother, expecting every moment, the arrival of the stage-coach, tears came so fast to his eyes, and he felt such a pain at his heart, that he could scarcely heed their parting counsel.

The sound of the wheels was heard at the door, and he wished to throw himself on his mother's neck, and weep. But his uncle, who was to accompany him, jumped out of the coach, and came in.

So, he said in a hurried voice, "good bye, dear father, dear mother ! You shall hear from me, as soon as I get there."

He dared not look back, until the roof of his home, and the elm-trees that overshadowed it, were entirely out of sight. For he felt such a choking sensation, that he feared he should burst into tears, and he dreaded above all things, lest his uncle should call him "*Miss Frances*," in the presence of strangers.

In a large school, he found more to try his temper than he had expected. He wished to be distinguished for scholarship, but there were many older, and more advanced than himself, and when he had been once or twice disappointed, he did not put forth that energy and perseverance, which are necessary to secure success.

He suffered from that loneliness of heart, which a stranger at school, and especially an only child, feels, when first exiled from the sympathies of home. In the turns of head-ache, to which he had been subject from childhood, he painfully missed maternal nursing, and tenderness.

But to these trials, he gradually became accustomed, and having a good temper, was rather a favourite, among his associates. At length, his roommate was changed, and a bad scholar, and a bad boy, was placed in this intimate connection with him. It was found that he had not moral courage enough, to say *no*, when he was tempted to do wrong, and a sad change in his behaviour soon became evident.

Frank had not firmness enough to reprove his

companion, for what he knew was improper or wicked; and he who is constantly exposed to evil example, and does not resist it in the fear of God, will be but too apt to follow it.

The first wrong step was to neglect his lessons, and waste his time. His room-mate taught him to laugh at the censures that followed, and to ridicule in secret, the teachers whom he should have loved. He induced him to read foolish and hurtful books; and there they were making themselves merry, when their distant parents supposed they were diligently acquiring knowledge.

When Frank came home, at his vacations, his uncle exclaimed, "how improved! how manly!" He had indeed, grown very tall, and bid fair, to possess a fine, graceful form. But his parents scrutinized him more closely, and feared that every change, was not an improvement.

Simple pleasures no longer satisfied him. He insisted on having the most expensive articles. He ceased to ask pleasantly for what he needed, but said through his shut teeth, with a face partly turned away, "I want such, and such things. All the other boys have them."

The mother was alarmed at the habits of reserve and concealment, which had grown over him. She had early taught him to speak freely of all his concerns to her. Now, she felt that she was shut out of his confidence, and that her influence over him for good, must of course decline.

She endeavoured by every means in her power, to re-instate herself in his affections. Still he kept the veil close about him, and a son who treats kind pa-

rents with reserve, is either in a wrong course, or in danger of entering it. To any gentle remonstrance, on his change of manners, or conduct, he carelessly replied, "Why, other boys do so. My uncle says, I shall never be a man, till I act like other boys."

At his entrance into college, he was exposed to more temptations, and less and less inclined to repel them. Let no parent be easy about a son, who becomes a member of college, without industry, or principle. Good talents, and good temper are not sufficient to protect him; for the first grow inert without industry, and the sunshine of the latter may be clouded by immoral courses, and the loss of self-approbation.

Frank's letters to his anxious parents, were but few, and far between. Those to his uncle, were more frequent, because on him he depended, for the supply of his purse. The uncle at first remarked, with a laugh, that "he spent money like a man." But in a year or two, it was supposed that he became very tired of the free expenses of his nephew, as he ceased to boast of this proof of manliness.

Frank, who took no pains to devote himself to his studies, was still desirous to be distinguished for something. So, he was fond of speaking of his "rich, old bachelor uncle," and of saying "without doubt, I shall have all his money." Expectations of wealth, and habits of extravagance, hastened his ruin.

In his third year at college, he came home, sick, and with no disposition to return to his studies. He spoke against the regulations of the Institution, and ridiculed the faculty. He said it was impossible for

any one to gain an education there, if they applied themselves ever so closely. In short, he blamed every body but himself.

He had left college, in debt, and in disgrace. His uncle, who had great reason to be offended, told him, that he need no longer expect support from him, for unless his whole course of life was changed, he should select some more worthy relative to receive his bounty, and be the heir of his estate.

Frank's father took him to his own counting-house. But he disliked business, and had no habits of application. His red, and bloated face, told but too truly what other habits he had formed. And he was pointed at, as the ruined young man.

Long did the poor mother try to hide the bitter truth from her own heart. Often was she ingenious in palliating his offences, to others, hoping he might yet retrieve his character. She watched for moments of reflection, for glimpses of good feeling, to give force to her remonstrances and appeals.

But the father said to her, "it is in vain, that we disguise from ourselves, what is known to the whole community. Our son is a sot. I have tried with him, and for him, every means of reformation. But I have reason to think, that all is still in vain."

We know how intemperance, breaks down grace of form, and destroys beauty of countenance,—how it debases man, who was made in the image of God below the level of the brute creation, and sinks his aspiring and immortal soul, into an abyss of misery.

Thus it was with Frank Wilson. The pleasant chamber, where his happy infancy, and childhood, had dreamed away nights of innocence, and woke

in the morning to health and joy, was now the scene of his frequent sickness, hoarse, senseless laughter, and fearful profanity.

It is too painful to follow him through the excesses, that broke the hearts of his parents. But his career was short. The sins of his youth destroyed him. They laid down with him in the dust. There was no evidence that he repented, or sought forgiveness of God.

His death-bed was horrible. None of those who loved him, could remain by it. With eye-balls starting from their sockets, he shrieked of hideous monsters and fiery shapes that surrounded him. His last struggle,—his last cry, was in wild but weak contention, with those frightful images which a disordered imagination created.

Thus died, in the agonies of delirium tremens, Frank Wilson, the only son, and idol of his parents. His first false step, was not daring to say *no*, when he was tempted to evil. His next, was concealing from his parents and teachers, the faults he had committed, and the dangers from which they might have saved him.

From these two seeds, want of moral courage, and want of confidence in his parents, what a sudden and fatal harvest sprang up,—indolence,—extravagance,—contempt of authority,—intemperance,—early death. Let every boy dread the first advances of vice, for the descent is swift, like the swollen and headlong torrent, sweeping every landmark away.

GOOD MANNERS.

Good manners, ought to be assiduously cultivated by the young. They are indispensable to a correct education, and prove that its benefits have not been conferred in vain. They procure regard, and respect from others, and show a well-balanced character.

A rude, churlish deportment, marks a low, unfeeling mind. No wealth, or learning, or rank, will make amends for it. It is an offence to the Almighty, who, in forming a wonderful body, and uniting it with a rational soul, demands some degree of respect for the work of his creation.

The young should never indulge themselves in careless manners, or coarse language to play-mates or domestics. Good-breeding extends equally to the most familiar associate, and to the poorest person. The feelings of those in inferior stations, should be regarded, as well as those in the highest.

Good manners win, and preserve attachment. They should be observed in the family circle. They must be worn as daily apparel, not as a suit for company. A truly polite boy, will rise and give a seat to his mother, or bring the hat and cane for his father, or pick up the handkerchief, and working materials of his sister, as readily and gracefully, as for a visitor or stranger.

"I do not like to walk arm in arm with my sister," said a child to his mother, "because the boys laugh at

me." "If you allow yourself to be laughed out of what is proper, she replied, when you are a boy, you will be ridiculed out of your duties, and your principles, and your conscience, when you become a man."

It is a pity to make such a mistake, as to be ashamed of what is honourable. Boys may be assured that by affectionate attentions, and ready aid to their mother, their sisters, and other members of the household, and marked civility to all the female sex, they imitate the example of some of the wisest and best of men.

The smile,—the pleasant tone,—the kind expression,—the courteous bow, are among the lesser means of communicating happiness, which should not be neglected. It is not enough to mean well,—we should let the beauty of good feelings, and right affections, be visible to all.

Good manners require a person not to talk much of himself, except with relatives and particular friends, who desire him to do so, or unless business requires it. When inclined to obtrude our own feelings or affairs upon others, we should recollect that their minds may be supposed to be equally occupied with their own.

The kindness of heart, on which good manners depend, will prevent making the faults of others, the chosen theme of conversation. It will be more pleasant to bring forward their merits, or cover their errors with tenderness, than in the words of a forcible writer, to "rake among the dead bones of the world, regardless of its living beauty."

Good-breeding is a happy medium, between diffi-

dence and boldness. The diffidence which a boy often feels in the company of strangers, may be excused by the kind-hearted. Still, he should study remedies for it, as for an infirmity, until he is able to enter any room, without either forwardness, or embarrassment, and reply readily and respectfully, to any question that may be addressed to him.

Diffidence is considered a proof of a susceptible heart, and if thrown too hastily aside, may create danger of rushing into the other extreme, of bold or careless manners. Yet if too long indulged, it becomes painful to the possessor, and prevents him from doing justice to himself.

A diffident person should turn his thoughts towards those, in whose company he is, with respect, and a desire to make them happy. Let him try to forget self, for selfishness has much to do with diffidence, though we usually give it a more amiable name.

He, who in the presence of others, is indifferent to them, and remembers only himself, will become vain; and vanity and diffidence combined, make an obstinate disease. A just estimate of ourselves, and of our duties, will lead to propriety of deportment, towards all with whom we associate.

Though perfect decorum, and the ease of finished manners, cannot always be expected from the young, because they rest both upon self-knowledge, and knowledge of mankind, yet it should be the business of education, throughout the whole of its progress, to teach and to enforce them.

A well-bred boy, is immediately singled out, by an observing eye, from the group of his companions.

His frank, and modest deportment gains confidence and regard. He looks up with a clear eye, when he speaks, or is spoken to, feeling that there is nothing to be ashamed of, but ignorance and vice.

Good manners give influence. This is so generally confessed, that bad men, study the arts of insinuation to advance their own evil designs. History will show, how often usurpers and tyrants, have assumed fascinating manners, until their purposes were accomplished.

Sylla and Cataline, who deluged Rome with blood, knew how to deceive the people, with specious appearances. Absalom "stole the hearts of the men of Israel," when he sought to hurl his father from the throne.

Since Hypocrisy is so eager to obtain the beautiful garments of Virtue,—Virtue must be more careful to wear her own wardrobe, and not suffer the "children of this world to be wiser in their generation, than the children of light." The truly good, ought not to be neglectful of the influence that politeness will give them.

Courtesy of manners, was more regarded in former days, than in our own. They were conspicuous in the "gentleman of the old school," or those who lived before our revolution. A few of these venerable men still remain, as our models. But how rapidly are they passing away. Let the rising generation, while they imitate their goodness, catch the mantle, in which it was arrayed.

Washington, and his compeers, were remarkable for a dignified politeness. Delicate attention to the weaker sex, and chivalrous protection of the help-

less, formed a part of their character, and added lustre to their greatness.

A gentleman, who was distinguished for true politeness, once had charge of an Institution for the Insane. It was observed that he easily ruled the refractory, and even fascinated the brutal and obdurate. To an inquiry, what was the secret of this magic power, he replied, "in dealing with these unfortunate beings, I ever keep uppermost in my mind, that *"God is love."*

This was the perfection of good manners,—founded on love to the human race,—a love, not baffled by the most intricate and perplexing duties,—not daunted by violence, not discouraged by stupidity, but patiently cementing the fragments of the broken mind, and changing even the fierce glance of the maniac, to confidence and gratitude.

"Be courteous," said an inspired apostle. "When ye enter into a house, salute it," was the command of our blessed Redeemer. We perceive that true politeness is allied to piety. It is kindness of heart, kindly expressed. It teaches to avoid giving causeless pain to the humblest being. It respects the feelings of all whom God has made.

Good manners owe a part of their power to the perception of beauty, which our Maker has implanted within us. Food for this perception, is scattered among the wild flowers by the way-side,—on the bosom of the blue stream,—in the waving forest,—and amid the vaulted sky. It "Warms in the sun refreshes in the breeze,—glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees."

True politeness is moral beauty. We spontane-

ously yield it our love. Those who are devoid of it, are able to admire it. It imparts happiness. It makes glad the heart of him who cherishes, and him who shares it. Let us strive to obtain it, for it is a form of benevolence, cheering to our fellow-creatures, and acceptable to our Father in heaven.

WEALTH.

“FATHER,” said a little boy, “I wish you was a rich man?” “Why do you wish so my dear? Have you not proper clothing, and comfortable food, and a good home to shelter you? Are you not sent to school? and have you not books, from which to gather knowledge?”

“Now, there are dangers in being rich, especially to children. Among these, are the dangers of growing up idle, or selfish, or proud. Perhaps, your Heavenly Father, who knows your heart better than you do, saw that you would not be able to withstand such temptations, and so protected you from them.”

The child acknowledged that he had not thought of all these things before. He promised to be contented with the lot, in which he had been placed, and thankful for his opportunities of gaining instruction. So, he put on a happy face and a happy temper, and was beloved by all who knew him.

We see that wealth purchases costly raiment, and

a showy equipage,—a luxurious table, and the attendance of many servants. These things strike the senses, and we might be so dazzled, as to consider them essential to happiness, if our senses governed us.

But why should we permit our senses to govern us? Have we not other means of judging? Can we not look deeper than the surface? When we form our estimate of any man's character or happiness, there are other things to be taken into view, besides the contents of his purse, or the magnitude of his estate.

We should inquire, is he amiable? Is he well-educated? Does he seek the improvement of society? Does he set a good example? Is he pious? Then his wealth is a blessing, for it will enable him to do good, on a larger scale.

But if he trusts to his possessions, for his respectability,—if he seals up his sympathies from those around,—if he despises the industrious in humble stations, and forgets the God who made them to differ, “verily, a poor, wise man, is better than he.”

It is a pity for the young, to form too high an estimate of wealth, for if they possess it, they will be prevented from labouring after higher excellencies; and if they do not, they will be led to show that attention and reverence to the rich, which should be reserved for the virtuous.

In communities, where wealth is counted the chief good; high intellect and learning, even morality and piety, hold but a secondary place. Matter is elevated above mind, and the perishable, prized more than the imperishable. The pyramid is re-

versed, and the "bag of deceitful weights," is adopted as a true standard.

In governments, this leads to corruption. It was after the degeneracy of Rome, when virtuous poverty ceased to be respected, that the statesman who sought to apply a remedy to the growth of evil, said, that the very first step must be, to take away the undue estimation of riches.

The Romans, before they had become debased by luxury and vice, taught their young people, a high moral lesson, when they built the temple of Virtue, in advance of the temple of Honour; implying, that he who would enter one, must first pass through the other.

Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, said, "let every man beware of three things:—in youth, of his appetites,—in middle life, of his passions,—in age, of covetousness." We perceive, that the sage of China, had looked beyond the surface of things.

In the morning of life, when the senses and appetites bear sway, it is natural that we should highly value whatever affords them gratification. As we pass on, stronger passions assert their dominion. But the last-named ruler, Covetousness, how came he into the throne? Why should man cling more closely to the world, when he is about to leave it?

Should we become more sordid, just as we are to be summoned to lay down, all that we have gathered upon earth? About to embark upon the dark sea of death, would it not be wiser, in the words of St. Paul, to the mariners, to "throw out all the wares and lighten the ship?"

Governor Everett says, "Wealth in this country

may be traced back to industry and frugality ; the paths which lead to it are open to all ; the laws which protect it are equal to all ; and such is the joint operation of the law and the customs of society, that the wheel of fortune is in constant revolution, and the poor in one generation, furnish the rich in the next.

“The rich man, who treats poverty with arrogance and contempt, tramples upon the ashes of his father or his grandfather ; the poor man who nourishes feelings of unkindness, and bitterness, against wealth, makes war with the prospects of his children, and the order of things in which he lives.”

Wealth furnishes many means of obtaining and imparting gratification. Under the guidance of liberality and benevolence, it relieves suffering, promotes improvement, opens the channels of enterprize, and gives influence in society, to aid every good work.

But considered merely as a personal possession, how infirm is it, in the day of sorrow and adversity, For the sick man, it may indeed furnish a bed of down, and costly attendance. Yet can it buy affection ? Can it reprieve from the mortal pang ? Can it give peace of conscience ? or acquiescence in the Divine will ?

Of how little value is wealth, without religion. This cannot be fully realized until the close of life. Hear the touching testimony, which Patrick Henry, the eloquent orator, bears, at the conclusion of his last will.

“Now having disposed of my property to my family, there is one thing more, which I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian Religion.

If they have this, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich ; and if they have it not, and I left them all the world, they would be poor."

A similar sentiment is breathed in the prayer of a religious poet,

"Give what Thou wilt, *without Thee*, we are poor,
And *with Thee*, rich, take what Thou wilt away."

Doubtless, both these fine passages are founded on the solemn admonition of our blessed Saviour, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give, in exchange for his soul?"

TREES.

You have doubtless, often admired the budding and flowering trees, as they are decked by the beautiful spring, after the cold and nakedness of winter. You have seen how their verdure and shade adds charms to the landscape, or have walked through the forest, delighted with its loftiness and majesty.

Have you ever reflected on the goodness of the Creator, in forming such a variety of trees, and fitting them to different climates, and to the wants of man? Beneath the burning suns of India, how refreshing must be the shade of the lofty Banyan,

striking down its drooping branches, until each takes root, and thus forming an arched grove, or a magnificent columnar temple.

Of the picturesque Palm,—the “Prince of the East,” as it has been sometimes called ; a distinguished traveller writes,—“When grown to a size for bearing fruit, its leaves are six, or eight feet long, and may be termed branches, for it has no other. The flavour of its ripe dates, is not unlike that of the conserved green citron, which is brought from Madeira. It presents not only a supply of salutary food, but however dreary the region where it is found, gives a never-failing indication of water near its roots.

“A considerable part of the inhabitants of Egypt, Arabia and Persia, subsist almost entirely upon its fruit. They speak also of its medicinal virtues. Their camels feed upon the date stones, which are ground in hand-mills. The leaves are wrought into couches, baskets, bags, mats and brushes ; from the mid-rib, or longitudinal stem, they make javelins, fences for their gardens, and cages for their poultry ; from the fibres,—thread, ropes and rigging ; from the sap is prepared a pleasant liquor, and the trunk furnishes fuel.

“It is even said, that from one variety of the palm-tree (the *phœnix farinafera*) meal has been found among the fibres of the branches, and used for food. The trunk of the date-tree is full of cavities, the vestiges of decayed leaves, exactly adapted to the reception of the human feet and hands ; and it is impossible to view them without believing, that He who in the beginning, fashioned ‘every tree, in the

which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed, as meat for man' has there manifested one, among the innumerable proofs, of his beneficent designs."

The lofty, India-Rubber tree, or *Caoutchouc*, may be discerned at a great distance, by its thick crown, and the vast circumference which its branches cover. When the gum, which has become necessary in such a variety of forms, to the civilized world, first flows from an incision made in the bark, it is of a fine white colour, and of the consistence of cream.

The Bread-Fruit tree, supplies not only food, but raiment; for the bark is manufactured into a kind of cloth. Captain Cook, in describing it, as he first found it at Otaheite, says, "if a man plant ten of those trees, he can not only procure bread enough for his household, but convert a surplus into money, and lay it up for his children; so abundantly do young trees spring from the roots of the old."

The Bread-Fruit, is about the size and shape of a child's head, covered with a thin skin, and with a core as large as the handle of a small knife. It is perfectly white, and when roasted over the coals, resembles in taste, new wheaten bread, and is a wholesome kind of food. The wood of the tree is used for building, and its broad leaves serve for towels, and table-cloths.

In South-America is a tree, which some travellers call the Milk-tree. It overflows with a nutritious liquor, resembling the milk of a cow, and having a slight, balsamic flavour. The natives make use of it with their cassava-bread, and are said to increase in flesh, by the diet.

The Tallow-tree, grows in China, on the banks of

rivulets. The Chinese steep its seeds in water, and then by pressing them, obtain a thick oil, which hardening to the consistency of tallow, is made into firm and beautiful, white candles ; and these burn without the least unpleasant odour. The Soap-tree, produces fruit, of the size of a musket-ball, which answers all the purposes of soap, in cleansing linen, though it contains an acid, which sometimes hurts the texture of the finer fabrics.

The Cinnamon-tree, which was originally found in Ceylon, sends out its young leaves, at first of a delicate rose colour, which changes to yellow, and afterwards to green. Its small white flowers, partake of the perfume of its spicy bark. From its fruit an oil is extracted, of which candles of a fragrant odour are manufactured. The bark is cut from the tender shoots, and dried in the sun, which causes it to curl. A dry, rocky soil, gives it the most pungent and aromatic properties.

The Talipot-tree of Ceylon, grows entirely straight, to the height of sixty or seventy feet, and then suddenly spreads forth an immense tuft of leaves, without boughs ; each leaf bowing on its stem, in a graceful curve, expanding like an enormous fan, large enough to cover ten or twelve men.

This vast, evergreen crown, surmounting so lofty and upright a shaft, is truly magnificent. When the tree has attained the age of half a century, there bursts from the centre of this crown, a cone, seventeen feet in height, from which issues a vast yellow flower, composed of numberless blossoms, so arranged on a giant stem and ornamented with tassals, as to tower above the tuft of leaves, like a diadem :

and the tree, after having perfected this glorious flower, dies.

In Russia, great value is attached to the Linden-tree. It is cultivated in almost every hamlet and village. Furniture, and domestic utensils are formed from its wood, and cords and matting from its rind. Its sweet blossoms perfume the air, prepare a cordial for invalids, and nourish multitudes of bees. So delicious is the honey that is produced from the flower, in its earlier stage of bloom, that it is taken from the hives, before the bees have partaken of other food, and brings a high price in the markets of Constantinople.

The Pitch-Pine of the United States, frequently grows fifty feet in height, before its branches shoot forth with their rich, dark verdure. When the season arrives for collecting its treasures, apertures are made in its bark, and boxes inserted, into which the turpentine flows. Tar is obtained from such portions of the bark, as become saturated with oozing turpentine. These are carefully divided from the tree, piled in the shape of a mound, covered with earth, and set on fire. The dark thick liquid called tar, flows forth into a reservoir prepared for it.

The majestic Oak, strikes root deeply in the earth and survives to a great age. That species of it, which is called the teak, is used much in ship-building, for its hard, enduring qualities, and grows both in Asia and Africa. The great tree in England, known by the name of the Boddington-Oak, was fifty-four feet in circumference, at the ground, and its trunk being hollow, formed a capacious room whose floor, in one direction, measured sixteen feet.

Immensely large Chestnuts trees, spring from the lava of Mount Etna, in Sicily. Five of these, grow closely side by side, like a clustered column, and are said by some travellers, to be actually united at the surface of the earth, where the circumference of the whole, is two hundred and four feet. The cavity of one of these trees, can contain one hundred sheep, and it has been asserted that thirty people on horseback, have entered it.

The Elms of our own country, are exceedingly beautiful and graceful. To rear them, in streets, and public squares, is doing good to the public, and to posterity. In the picturesque city of New-Haven, in Connecticut, it is gratefully remembered, that most of the Elms which adorn it, were planted by the hand of the late Honourable James Hillhouse.

The most majestic Elm, which adorns the public green, in that city, was planted in 1688, by an individual named William Cooper. He was a poor man, and when the house of his pastor, the Rev. James Pierpont, was erected by voluntary contribution, he, having nothing else to offer, brought two young elms upon his shoulder, and set them out as shade-trees.

Like the two mites of the widow, they are held in lasting remembrance, while the gifts that the rich men cast into the treasury, are forgotten. Generation after generation has passed away, yet still this labour of love, remains unchanged by winter's blast, or summer's heat, bearing on its verdant crown, the name of a poor and virtuous man, while numbers who were above him in rank, have "no memorial among the people."

The great Duke of Sully, planted thousands of shade-trees, in his beloved France. This is an honour, in which the young may easily share. By planting seeds and stones of fruits, in proper spots, and learning how to pay them proper attention, they may add much to the comfort of those whom they love, as well as to their own. Or by rearing a majestic Elm, or Oak, Maple, or Chestnut, they may throw a shelter over the head of the weary traveller in future generations, and leave a beautiful monument to posterity, when they are sleeping in the dust.

Sir Walter Scott says, "The exquisite delight of a planter, is like that of a painter, in laying on his colours; every moment he sees their effect coming out. There is no art, or occupation comparable to this,—full of past, present, and future enjoyment. I look back to the time, when there was not a tree here;—I look around, and see thousands of trees growing up, all of which, have received my personal attention.

"I remember five years ago, looking forward, with the most delighted expectation, to this very hour, and as each year has passed, the expectation has gone on increasing. I do the same now;—I anticipate what this plantation, and that, will presently become, if only taken care of, and there is no spot of which I do not watch the progress.

"Unlike building, or indeed any other kind of pursuit, this has no end, and is never interrupted; but goes on from day to day, from year to year, with perpetually augmenting interest." My sons, you might yourselves enjoy some of those pleasures of

planting, which Sir Walter Scott, so vividly portrays. Try. Cast into the fresh mould, the stone of the rich peach, or plumb, or apricot, or cherry, which you have just eaten. Learn to transplant, to graft, to inoculate.

Ask advice of those who are experienced in horticulture. Set out, and train the grape-vine, and see with what delight you will present the full, fragrant clusters, to your parents and the friends whom you love. Or if a loftier ambition inspires you, bury an acorn in the tuft, and bequeath an oak to posterity. Plant a grove, or beautify a square, with the Elm, or Ash, the Maple, or the Plane-tree.

When you become men, encircle your grounds with green hedges, adorn your enclosures with flowering-shrubs, and enrich the waste places, or even the highways, with the tree on which the silk-worm feeds. Remember that he who multiplies what is beautiful in nature, increases the means of softening the taste, and purifying the heart.

Teach the little ones, who may grow up under your care, never to deform or injure a tree. Show them how wonderfully the sap, which is their life-blood, circulates, and the air-vessels breathe, and the leaves and flowers which hide from winter, come forth in their season; and lead them to view, in every column of verdure, that, in various forms, beautifies the landscape, the goodness of an Almighty Creator.

PEACEFUL DISPOSITIONS.

THE history of every nation tells of the shedding of blood. The most ancient annals record "wars and fightings," ever since man was placed upon the earth. Both savage and civilized nations, have prized the trappings of the warrior, and coveted the glory of victory.

Yet have there always been some reflecting minds, to lament that the beings whom God had so nobly endowed, should delight to destroy each other. They have felt that there was suffering enough in the world without man's inflicting it on his brother; and that life was short enough, without being made still shorter by violence.

Among the most warlike nations, there have been a few calm and philanthropic spirits, to perceive that war was an evil, or to deplore it as a judgment, even before the Gospel breathed "good-will and peace," in an angel's song. Though Rome grew up by bloodshed, and gained her dominion by the sword, yet some of her best Emperors deplored the evils of war.

Adrian loved peace, and endeavoured to promote it. He saw that war was a foe to those arts and sciences, through which nations become prosperous and refined. He felt that the cultivation of the earth, —the pursuits of commerce, and the progress of intellect must alike be obstructed and languish, while the business of men was in the field of battle.

Titus Antoninus Pius desired to live in peace, with every one. "I had rather save the life of one citizen, he nobly said, than destroy a thousand enemies." His successor, Marcus Aurelius, considered war both as a disgrace and calamity. Though the necessity of the times, sometimes forced him into it, his heart revolted, for he was inspired with the love of learning and philosophy.

Yet these were heathen emperors. They had never imbibed the spirit of the Gospel. They were not followers of Him, whose last accent was a prayer for his murderers. The maxim of the ancient Jews was, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." But the precept of Jesus Christ is, "see that ye love one another." The contentious spirit, was not therefore condemned by the law of Moses, nor by the mythology of the heathen.

Have you ever thought much, my dear young friends, of the miseries of war?—of the waste of human life which it causes?—of the bitter mourning which it makes in families? You pity a friend who suffers pain,—a poor cripple upon crutches,—or even a child with a cut finger.

But, after a battle, what gashes and gaping wounds are seen,—what multitudes of mangled carcasses. How red is the earth, with flowing blood,—how terrible are the groans of the dying, trampled beneath the feet of horses, or suffocated under heaps of dead. How fearful to see strong men convulsed with agony, and imploring help in vain.

Think too, of the sorrow in their distant homes. Grey-headed parents, from whom the last prop is taken away, lamenting their sons fallen in battle.

Wives mourning for their husbands,—little children weeping because their fathers must return no more. Neighbourhoods, once happy and prosperous, plunged into poverty, by the loss of those who provided them with bread.

All these evils, and many more, which we have neither room nor time to mention, may come from a single battle. Towns and cities are sometimes burned, and the aged and helpless destroyed. Mothers, and their innocent babes, perish in the ruins of their own beloved abodes.

War produces cruelty, and bad passions. Men, who have no cause to dislike each other, meet as deadly foes. They raise weapons of destruction, and exult in the misery they inflict. Rulers, should take a solemn view of the sufferings and sins of war, ere they plunge the people into it, for differences which might have been amicably settled.

War is expensive. The political economist should therefore oppose it. Great Britain, in her last war with France, is said to have spent more than seven hundred millions of pounds. But the immediate cost of armies, is but a part of the expense of war.

Who can compute the amount of losses by the obstruction of tillage and commerce, and the waste of life; for every full-grown, able-bodied man, is of value to the country that reared him. We may say with the poet,

“War is a game, that were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.”

Howard, who felt that it was more noble to save life than to destroy it, visited the prisons of distant

lands, to relieve such as have no helper, and blessings in foreign languages, were poured upon his head. Buonaparte caused multitudes to be slain, and multitudes to mourn, and died in exile, on a desolate island. When death approached, to strip the pomp from titles, whose bosom must have been the most peaceful, when about to pass into the presence of God?

The religious sect, who are called Friends, never engage in warfare. The State of Pennsylvania, was settled by them. William Penn, its founder, purchased it of the natives, and lived with them in amity. They gathered around him, with their dark, red brows, and gazing earnestly in his face, said, "You are our father. We love you."

When he purchased the land of them, he appeared unarmed, under the spreading branches of a lofty oak, and conferred with their chiefs. He paid them to their satisfaction, gave them gifts, and entered into articles of friendship with them and their descendants. "This is the only treaty which was confirmed without an oath," said an historian, "and the only one, that was never broken."

These men of peace, treated the sons of the forest as brethren. But in other colonies, there were distressing wars. The settlers carried their guns to the corn-field, and laboured in fear, for the safety of their households. The tomahawk and scalping-knife, were sometimes secretly raised, so that when they returned home, there were no wife or children there,—only dead bodies. A savage foe had chosen this terrible form of vengeance, for real or supposed wrongs.

If true glory belongs to those who do great good, to mankind, is not the glory of the warrior, a false glory? Does not History sometimes confer on her heroes, a fame which religion condemns?—But we ask how are wars to be prevented? Might not one nation act as mediator between others, as a good man makes peace between contending neighbours?

Why should not one Christian ruler address another, as the patriarch Abraham did, his kinsman? “Let there be no strife, betwixt us, I pray thee; *for we are brethren.*” If there have been always wars, from the beginning, is this any reason, why there should be, unto the end? Do not the Scriptures of Truth, foretel a happy period on earth, when there shall be war no more? How beautifully has a poet versified the cheering prediction:

“No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet, with hateful eyes,—
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover’d o’er,
The brazen trumpet kindle rage no more,
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a ploughshare end.
For wars shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale.
Peace o’er the earth her olive wand extend,
And white-rob’d righteousness from Heaven descend.”

War proceeds from the unbridled passions, or restless ambition of men. Unkind and quarrelsome dispositions in children are the germs of such evil fruit. Ought not then, the remedy to be early applied to the heart, from whence they spring? For if the love of peace, was planted, and cherished carefully in the breast of every little child, would there not

grow up a generation, who would help to banish war from the earth?

Avoid contention with your companions. Use no offensive words, and when you see others disagree, strive to reconcile them. Repress every revengeful feeling. If any one has injured you, do not injure them. Try to set them a better example. If any speak unfavourably of you, it is well to do them some good office. Perhaps you can lend them an interesting, instructive book, whose perusal would lead them to kinder dispositions.

To render evil for evil, would make perpetual discord in society. Try, therefore, to be gentle and patient to those who seem to dislike you. Their cold treatment may often proceed from some trifle, which your pleasant manners may reconcile. And it is a pity, to lose for any trifle, the benefits of friendly intercourse.

When in company with your associates, do not insist always on having your own way. If you are in the habit of cheerfully consulting their wishes, they will seek your society, and enjoy it. Thus you will acquire influence over them, and this influence should be exerted for their good.

You know that he who does good to another, uniformly, and from a right principle, promotes his own happiness. It is indeed, easy to love those who love us, but to be kind to those, who are unkind to us is not as easy, though it is a nobler virtue.

“Do not suffer yourself to hate even your enemies, said Plutarch, for in doing so, you contract a vicious habit of mind, which will by degrees break out, even upon your friends, or those who are indif-

ferent to you." This is the advice of a heathen philosopher. But more definite and sublime are the words of our Redeemer, "Love your enemies, that ye may be the children of your Father in Heaven, who doeth good unto the evil and unthankful."

By preserving peaceful dispositions, and persuading those who are at variance, to be reconciled, you will be serene and happy. You will be pursuing an education which will fit you for the society of angels. Have we not read of a country, where there is no war?—where peace and love reign in the bosom of all its inhabitants?

That country is Heaven. We hope to dwell there when we die. We would strive to cultivate its spirit while on earth. How else can we be permitted to remain there? The scorpion cannot abide in the nest of the turtle-dove, nor the leopard slumber in the lamb's fold. Neither can the haters of peace find a home in those blissful regions.

That holy Book, which is the rule of our conduct—the basis of our hope, has promised no reward to those who delight in the shedding of blood. But our Saviour, when his dwelling was in tents of clay, —when he taught the listening multitude what they must do, to inherit eternal life, said, "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

THE GREY COTTAGE.

THERE was a labouring man, who built a cottage for himself and wife. A dark grey rock over-hung it, and helped to keep it from the winds. When the cottage was finished, he thought he would paint it grey, like the rock. And so exactly did he get the same shade of colour, that it looked almost as if the little dwelling sprang from the bosom of the rock that sheltered it.

After a while the cottager became able to purchase a cow. In the summer she picked up most of her own living very well. But in the winter, she needed to be fed and kept from the cold. So he built a barn for her. It was so small that it looked more like a shed than a barn. But it was quite warm and comfortable.

When it was done, a neighbour came, and said, "what colour will you paint your barn?" "I had not thought of that," said the cottager. "Then I advise you by all means, to paint it black; and here is a pot of black paint, which I have brought on purpose to give you."

Soon, after another neighbour praised his neat shed, and expressed a wish to help him a little about his building. "White, is by far the most genteel colour," he added, "and here is a pot of white paint, of which I make you a present."

While he was in doubt, which of the gifts to use, the oldest and wisest man in the village came to

visit him. His hair was entirely white, and every body loved him, for he was good as well as wise.

When the cottager had told him the story of the pots of paint, the old man said "he who gave you the black paint, is one who dislikes you, and wishes you to do a foolish thing. He who gave you the white paint, is a partial friend, and desires you to make more show than is wise.

"Neither of their opinions should you follow. If the shed is either black or white, it will disagree with the colour of your house. Moreover, the black will draw the sun, and cause the edges of your boards to curl and split; and the white will look well for a little while and then become soiled, and need painting anew.

"Now, take my advice, and mix the black and white together." So the cottager poured one pot into the other, and mixed them up with his brushes, and it made the very grey colour, which he liked, and had used before, upon his house.

He had in one corner of his small piece of ground a hop-vine, whose ripe clusters he carefully gathered. It was always twined around two poles, which he had fastened to the earth, to give it support. But the cottager was fond of building, and he made a little arbour for it to run upon, and cluster about.

He painted the arbour grey. So the rock and the cottage, and the shed, and the arbour, were all of the same grey colour. And every thing around looked neat and comfortable, though it was small and poor.

When the cottager and his wife grew old, they were sitting together, in their arbour, at the sunset of a summer's day. A stranger who seemed to be

looking at the country, stopped and inquired, how every thing around that small habitation happened to be the same shade of grey.

"It is very well it is so," said the cottager, "for my wife and I, you see, are grey also. And we have lived so long, that the world itself looks old and grey to us now."

Then he told him the story of the black and white paint, and how the advice of an aged man prevented him from making his little estate ridiculous when he was young.

"I have thought of this circumstance, so often that it has given me instruction. He who gave me the black paint, proved to be an enemy; and he who urged me to use the white, was a friend. The advice of neither was good.

"Those who love us too well, are blind to our faults; and those who dislike us, are not willing to see our virtues. One would make us all white; the other all black. But neither of them are right. For we are of a mixed nature, good and evil, like the grey paint, made of opposite qualities.

"If then, neither the counsel of our foes, nor of our partial friends, is safe to be taken, we should cultivate a correct judgment, which, like the grey paint, mixing both together, may avoid the evil and secure the good."

PRIVILEGES OF THE POOR.

Do I hear any of you say, "I wonder what is meant by the *privileges of the poor*? The rich have indeed, many advantages, and much honour. But as for the poor, I always thought they were to be pitied."

Now, I assure you, that the poor have privileges, peculiar to themselves, and such as the rich cannot easily share. They are also of such an enduring nature, that it will be found difficult to take them away. Let us examine what they are.

Perhaps you have seen the son of a rich man, expensively dressed, and riding in a splendid carriage. You have said to yourself, *how happy he is!* He may be, or he may not be. That depends on the state of matters within. If his heart is not right, external pomp weighs light in the balance of happiness.

One of the privileges of the poor, is the industry, they are compelled to practise. This, not only protects from many vices, but promotes health, and self-approbation. Indolence, is a perpetual weariness of spirit,—a perpetual disobedience to the will of our Creator. Surely, the rich are more in danger of it, and of the evils that it brings.

A celebrated divine has said, "if it was not for industry, men would be neither so healthful, nor so useful,—so strong, nor so patient, so noble, nor so untempted. There is no greater tediousness in the world, than want of employment. Time passes

over the active man lightly, like a dream, or the feathers of a bird ; but the idler is like a long sleepless night to himself, and a load to his country."

Narrow circumstances, by impelling to exertion, are in the end, a blessing. That disposition to indolence, which sometimes exists in the young mind is like dampness to metal,—causing rust and ruin, Nothing so readily overcomes this, as the strong necessity of making efforts.

Have you seen a water-wheel, standing idly in the sun, when the stream was dry ? But the clouds descended, and the swift torrent rushed upon it, and it turned briskly, doing its maker's will. What the stream is, to the water-wheel, is the prompting of necessity, to the mind.

Admitting that the young assume a high standard of excellence, the feeling that they can derive no aid from wealth, but must depend entirely on themselves acts as a continual stimulant :

" It is the spur, which the clear spirit doth raise,
To shun delights, and live laborious days."

Those whose object is to obtain an education, yet are obliged to be partially occupied in other labours, value more highly, every fragment of time, than those whose leisure is uninterrupted ? A sense of the value of time, is one of the first steps to improvement and wisdom.

Another privilege, is the habit of overcoming obstacles. Strength of mind and moral energy, are thus acquired. A life of self-indulgence destroys the power of acquiring that perseverance which is

daunted by no difficulty, and without which, genius avails little.

If distinction is gained, by those who rise from obscure stations, it is rendered more illustrious by the contrast. The fame of Dr. Franklin, is heightened by the circumstance, that he was a printer's boy, and the son of a chandler; and that of Bentley, the celebrated English scholar, by the fact, that he was the son of a blacksmith.

Winckelman, a distinguished writer on classical antiquities, and the fine arts, was the son of a shoemaker. He supported himself while at college, chiefly by teaching younger students, and at the same time, aided in maintaining his poor, sickly father.

Bloomfield, the poet, was the son of a tailor, and an apprentice to a shoemaker. He was busily employed at his trade, while composing the "Farmer's Boy," and being often destitute of paper, retained great numbers of his lines in memory, until he could obtain materials, and time for writing.

The celebrated Metastasio, was the son of a poor mechanic. The father of Opie, a distinguished portrait-painter, was a carpenter; and he, himself, was raised from the bottom of a saw-pit, where he laboured as a wood-cutter, to the professorship of painting in the Royal Academy, at London.

The learned Dr. Prideaux, bishop of Worcester, obtained his education, by walking on foot, to Oxford, and getting employment, at first, as assistant, in the kitchen of Exeter College.

Inigo Jones, the great architect, was the son of a cloth-manufacturer, and it was intended that he

should be a mechanic. Sir Edmund Saunders, Chief Justice, in the reign of Charles the Second, was an errand-boy.

Dr. Isaac Milnor, who filled the same chair as Professor of Mathematics, at Cambridge, which Sir Isaac Newton occupied, was once a weaver ; as was also, his brother, the author of the well-known Church History.

Haydn, the celebrated musical composer, was the son of a wheel-wright, who officiated also as sexton ; and his mother was a servant in the family of a neighbouring nobleman.

Dr. White, professor of Arabic, in the University of Oxford, England, was originally, a weaver ; and James Ferguson, the celebrated writer on Astronomy was the son of a day-labourer.

Having discovered, when quite a child, some important truths in mechanics, he went on, to illustrate them, without teacher or book, and with no other tools, than a little knife, and a simple turning-lathe.

While in the employment of a farmer, he improved every slight interval of leisure, in constructing models, during the day, and studying the stars at night. He was elected a member of the Royal Society, and king George, the Third, after hearing his lectures, settled on him an annual pension ; while his writings still continue the admiration of men of science.

Those, who have risen from humble stations, often recur with satisfaction, to the steps through which they had been led, on their upward way. It was pleasing to the wise Emperor Aurelian, to have

it known that he was the son of a peasant; and Dioclesian felt that the splendour of his sway in Rome was heightened by his obscure birth, in Dalmatia.

The history of our own country, is brilliant with self-made men. The sons of farmers, and mechanics, stand in the high places of our land. Their early training in habits of industry, perseverance, and the conquest of obstacles, doubtless strengthened both their physical and intellectual energies, and prepared them to become illustrious.

So obvious are the advantages of feeling a necessity for exertion, that rich men have sometimes wished to conceal from their children, during the period of their education, the knowledge of that wealth, they were expected to inherit.

There was once a parent, who endeavoured to persuade his son, that his possessions were small, hoping he might thus be stimulated to industry. He constantly said, "you must work,—you must be saving,—you cannot depend on me to enrich you."

For a time, this plan had some effect. But like most other schemes of deception, it was unfortunate. The boy, at length discovered, that his father had houses, and lands, and money, and was informed by talkative companions, that he would inherit them.

It was most painful to him, to distrust the rectitude of his father. Henceforth, he had no confidence in his word. He became discontented and gloomy, and lost the benefits both of wealth and poverty.

It would have been safer and more honourable, to have told him the truth, and guarded him against

the dangers of wealth, by a right education. And now, have I succeeded in convincing you, that there are privileges, which belong to the poor, and to the sons of the poor?

If they succeeded in gaining knowledge, and we see that they often do, it would seem that they might be excellent teachers. Remembering the difficulties through which they had themselves passed, they would naturally be skilful and patient guides, and qualified to impart somewhat of the perseverance, and moral energy, by which they had themselves profited.

If they attain distinguished stations, their sympathies ought to be more active, and overflowing than those of other men. They know how to enter into the feelings of the humbler classes of society, and are better qualified to take part in their burdens, and to elevate their character.

If they obtain wealth, they know how to use it, in the relief of suffering. It is difficult for a man nurtured in affluence, who has never felt the want of a garment, or a meal, or a shelter, to appreciate their value, or correctly to feel the necessities of those, who ask his charity.

He who has been led, by a rough road, to a state of competence, can better appreciate the force and beauty, of that inspired description of a compassionate Redeemer, who, "though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be made rich."

We have been led to search and consider the privileges of the poor, because, being less apparent than those of the rich, they are prone to be over-

looked. But we would not deny, that wealth, when under the guidance of virtue, benevolence, and piety, is a great blessing, and a powerful instrument in their cause.

It is only, when divided from them, or disposed to become their master, that wealth is to be deprecated as a danger. It is only, when forgetful of the good of others, that it ceases to advance the true happiness of its possessor.

Hoarded up, what is wealth? A reproach to a rational being. A chain, binding the mind to low worldliness. A weight to the soul, when it separates from the clay, and goes to give account to God, in the day of judgment.

THY FATHER.

“Grieve not thy father, as long as he liveth.”

THY father! Why, with locks of snow
 Are thus his sacred temple clad?
 Why droops he o'er his staff so low,
 With trembling limbs and visage sad?
 Care hath his brow with wrinkles scarr'd,
 His clustering ringlets shred away,
 And time with tyrant sceptre marr'd,
 The glory of his manhood's sway.
 How oft that, as that hand hath led
 Thine infant footsteps weak with fear,

How gently bow'd that reverend head,
Thy childhood's broken tale to hear ;
And when thy wayward feet have stray'd
Mid youthful follies rashly free,
Those lips invok'd at midnight's shade.
The pardon of thy God for thee.

If from his speech should dotage flow,
Or eye, or ear, be dull and dead,
Thou, to his second childhood show,
The love that smooth'd thy cradle bed.

Grieve not thy sire ! for if his love
Unblest, or unrequited be,
He, whom thou call'st thy sire above
Will bend a judge's frown on thee.

THY MOTHER.

Who, when thine infant life was young
Delighted o'er thy cradle hung ?
With pity, soothed each childish moan,
And made thy little griefs, her own ?
Who watched thy bed in hours of pain
Nor smiled, till thou wert well again ?
Who sorrowed from thy side to part
And bore thee absent on her heart ?
Thy Mother, boy ! How canst thou pay
Her tender care, by night and day ?

Who joined thy sports with cheerful air,
 And joy'd to see thee strong and fair ?
 Who with fond pride, to guest and friend
 Would still the darling child commend ?
 Whose tears in secret flow'd like rain
 If sin, or woe, thy life did stain ?
 And who, with prayer's increasing sigh
 Besought for thee, a home on high ?
 Thy Mother, boy ! How canst thou pay
 Her tireless love, by night and gay ?

Be gentle-temper'd, kind and true,
 Whate'er she bids, delight to do,
 With earnest diligence, restrain
 The word, the look, that gives her pain.
 If weary toil her path invade
 Come zealous forth, and lend thine aid
 Nerve thy young arm, her steps to guide,
 If she is sick, be near her side,
 And by a life of love repay
 Thy Mother's care, by night and day.

Grave her sweet precepts on thy breast,
 And be with peace, serenely blest,
 Wear on thy brow the lofty smile,
 Of upright duty, free from guile,
 Fear God, and keep his holy law,
 And near his throne devoutly draw,
 But dread his anger's piercing view,
 Shouldest thou withhold the honour due,
 Nor with a life of goodness pay,
 Thy Mother's love by night and day.

JOHN AND JAMES WILLIAMS.

JOHN AND JAMES WILLIAMS, were the sons of a New-England farmer. In summer, they took an active part in his labours, and during the winter attended to their school-education. Both were fond of books, but their taste and dispositions were different.

One cold evening in winter, they were sitting beside a bright fire of wood. Their lamp cast a cheerful ray over the snow-covered landscape. Several books lay on the table, from which they had been studying their lessons for the following day.

"John," said the youngest, who was about thirteen years old, "John, I mean to be a soldier. I have lately been reading the life of Alexander of Macedon, and a good deal about Buonaparte. I think there is nothing in this world, like the glory of the warrior."

"It does not strike me so, James. To destroy life, and to cause mourning in such a multitude of families, and to bring so much poverty and misery into the world, seems to me, more cruel than glorious."

"But John, to be so praised and honoured,—to have hosts of soldiers under your command, and to have the pages of history filled with the fame of your victories, how can you be blind, to such glory as that ?

"Brother, the minister said last Sunday, that the *end of life, was the test of its goodness*. 'Now Alexander the Great, got intoxicated, and died like a madman ;

and Buonaparte was shut up to pine away on a desolate island, as if he was a wild beast, chained in a cage."

"John, your ideas are very limited. I am sorry to see, that you are not capable of admiring heroes. You are just fit to be a farmer. I dare say that to break a pair of steers, is your highest ambition, and to spend your days in ploughing and reaping, is all the glory that you would covet."

Their father's voice was now heard, calling, "Boys, go to bed." Thus ended their conversation, for that night. These brothers loved each other, and seldom disagreed on any subject, except on trying to settle the point, in what the true glory of the warrior consisted.

Fifteen years glided away, and the season of winter again returned. From the same window, a bright lamp gleamed, and on the same hearth glowed a cheerful fire. The farm-house seemed unaltered, but among its inmates, there had been changes.

The parents, who had then retired to rest, were now mouldering in the grave. They were good and pious, and among the little circle of their native village, their memory was still held in sweet remembrance.

In the corner, which they used to occupy, their eldest son, and his wife, were seated. A babe lay in the cradle, and two other little ones, breathed quietly from their trundle-bed, in the sweet sleep of childhood. A strong blast, with snow, shook the casement.

"I always think, said John Williams, about my poor brother, in stormy nights, especially in winter. So many years have past, since we have heard from

him, and his way of life is so full of danger, that I fear he must be numbered with the dead."

"Husband, did I hear a faint knock? or was it the wind among the trees?" said his wife. The farmer opened the door, and a traveller entered, leaning heavily on a crutch. His garments were old and thin, and his countenance haggard.

He sank into a chair, and gazed earnestly around on every article of furniture, as on some recollected friend. Then, extending a withered hand, he uttered in a tone scarcely audible, "brother! brother!"

That word, opened the tender memories of other years. They hastened to welcome the wanderer, and to mingle their tears with his. "Sister, brother, I have come home *to die*." They found him too much exhausted to converse, and after giving him comfortable food, induced him to retire to rest.

The next morning, he was unable to rise. They sat by his bedside, and soothed his worn heart with kindness, and told him the simple narrative of the changes in the neighbourhood, and what had befallen them, in their quiet abode.

"I have had many troubles, said he, but none have bowed me down, like the sin of leaving home, to be a soldier, without the knowledge of my parents, and against their will. I have felt the pain of wounds, but there is nothing like the sting of conscience.

"I have endured hunger, and thirst, and imprisonment, and the misery of sickness in an enemy's land; and then the image of my home, and my disobedience, and ingratitude, were with me when I

lay down, and when I rose up, and when I was sleepless and sick in the neglected hospitals.

"In broken visions, I would see my dear mother bending tenderly over me, as she used to do, when I had only a head-ache; and my father with the great Bible in his hand, reading as he used to do before prayer; but when I cried out in agony, 'I am no more worthy to be called thy son,' I awoke, and it was all a dream."

His brother assured him of the perfect forgiveness of his parents, and that duly, at morn, and eve, he was borne upon their supplications, at the family altar, as the son erring, yet beloved. "Ah, yes, and those prayers followed me. But for them I should have been a reprobate, forsaken both of God and man."

As strength permitted, he told them the story of his wanderings. He had been in battles, on land and sea. He had heard the deep ocean echo to the cannon's thunder, and seen earth drink the red shower from the bosoms of her slaughtered sons.

He had stood in the martial lists of Europe, and hazarded his life for a foreign power, and had pursued in his native land, the hunted Indian flying at midnight, from the flames of his own hut. He had ventured with the bravest, into the deepest danger, seeking every where, for the glory which had dazzled his boyhood, but in vain.

He found that it was the lot of the soldier to endure hardship, that others might reap the fame. He saw what fractures, and mutilations, what misery, and mourning, and death, were necessary to purchase the reward of victory. He felt how light was

even the renown of the conqueror, compared with the good that he forfeits, and the sorrow that he inflicts to obtain it.

“Sometimes, he said, just before rushing into battle, I felt a shuddering and inexpressible horror, at the thought of butchering my fellow-creatures. But in the heat of contest, all such sympathies vanished, and madness and desperation possessed me, so that I cared neither for this life nor the next.

“I have been left wounded on the field, unable to move from among the feet of trampling horses, my open gashes stiffening in the chilly night-air, and death staring me in the face, while no man cared for my soul. Yet I will not distress your kind hearts, by describing my varieties of pain.

“You, who have always lived amid the influences of mercy,—who shrink to give unnecessary suffering, even to an animal, cannot realize what hardness of heart, comes with the life of a soldier, familiar as he must be with groans, and violence, and cruelty.

“His moral and religious feelings, are in still greater danger. Oaths, imprecations, and contempt of sacred things, are mingled with the elements of his trade. The sweet and holy influences of the Sabbath, and the precepts of the Gospel, impressed upon his childhood, are too often swept away.

“Yet though I exerted myself to appear bold and courageous, and even hardened, my heart reproached me. Oh, that it might be purified by repentance, and at peace with God, before I am summoned to the dread bar of judgment, to answer for my deeds of blood.”

His friends flattered themselves, that, by medical

skill, and careful nursing, he might be restored to health. But he answered "no, it can never be. My vital energies are wasted. Even now, is Death standeth at my right hand."

"When I entered this peaceful valley, my swollen limbs tottered, and began to fail. Then I prayed to the Almighty, whom I had so often forgotten, "Oh, give me strength but a little longer, that I may reach the home where I was born, and die there, and be buried by the side of my father and my mother."

The sick and penitent soldier, sought earnestly for the hope of salvation. He felt that a great change was needed in his soul, ere it could be fitted for the holy employments of a realm of purity and peace. He prayed, and wept, and studied the Scriptures, and listened to the counsel of pious men.

"Brother, dear brother, he would say, you have obeyed the precepts of our parents. You have chosen the path of peace. You have been merciful even to the inferior creatures. You have shorn the fleece, but not wantonly destroyed the lamb. You have taken the honey, and spared the labouring bee.

"But I have destroyed man, and his habitation,—the hive, and the honey,—the fleece and the flock. I have defaced the image of God, and crushed out that breath, which I can never restore. You know not, how bitter is the warfare of my soul with the 'prince of the power of the air, the spirit that ruleth in the children of disobedience.' "

As the last hour approached, he laid his cold hand on the head of his brother's eldest child, who had been named for him, and said faintly, "Little James

obey your parents, and never be a soldier. Sister, brother, you have been angels of mercy to me. The blessing of God, be upon you, and your household."

The venerable minister who instructed his childhood, and laid his parents in the grave, had daily visited him in his sickness. He stood by his side, as he went down into the valley of the shadow of death. "My son, look unto the Lamb of God." "Yes, father, there is a fullness in Him, for the chief of sinners."

The aged man lifted up his fervent prayer for the departing soul. He commended it to the boundless compassions of Him who receiveth the penitent, and besought for it, a gentle passage to that world, where there is no more sin, neither sorrow, nor crying.

He ceased. The eyes of the dying were closed. There was no more heaving of the breast, or gasping. They thought the breath had quitted the clay. They spoke of him as having passed where all tears are wiped from the eyes for ever.

But again there was a faint sigh. The white lips slowly moved. His brother bending over him caught the last, low whisper, "Jesus! Saviour! take a repentant sinner to the world of peace."

THE ROBIN.

THE Spring is near, with its warbling throng,
And the Robin is on the tree,
Through grove and garden, he speeds along,
He comes with a song,—he comes with a song,
And he'll be a neighbour to thee.

See, that is his mate by his side, I ween,
And who are so happy as they ?
Their chamber is shaded with curtains green,
Three little blue eggs in its bed are seen,
And their rent with a song they'll pay.

She broods o'er the nest, while his wing is spread,
Wherever their food may be found,
'Tis to her that he hastes with that morsel of bread,
The shot of the fowler ! alas, he is dead !
He lies bleeding on the ground.

And all day long, that widow'd bird,
For her partner call'd in vain,
And if at midnight, the branches stirr'd,
She thought 'twas his well-known wing she heard.
But he never return'd again.

Half famish'd, she sped in her deep despair,
To search for a crumb or seed,
When a truant boy with a reckless air,
Climb'd up to her nest, and I cannot bear
To tell of his cruel deed.

She hastened back, but what met her view
As she soar'd with an eager eye ?
Her home was wreck'd, and its treasures too,
And round and round in her anguish she flew,
With a loud and frantic cry.

And there through many a summer's day,
Her piercing wail was heard,
Till once near that desolate home there lay,
A famish'd Robin, as cold as clay,
And I knew 'twas that mourner-bird.

Then I thought of the boy who rifled her nest,
How bitter his tears must flow,
When conscience should wake in his sinful breast,
And trouble his dream, and break his rest,
With the cry of that Robin's woe.

SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

COME, tread with me yon changeful dells,
Where beauty into grandeur swells,
Where the chaf'd stream, conflicting hoarse,
O'erleaps the mounds that barr'd its course,
And threatening wild, with gather'd wrath,
Rolls sullen on its rocky path.

That cliff!* methinks the Indian cry,
Peals from its summit shrill and high ;

* In Norwich, Connecticut, there is a steep rock overhanging a branch of the Thames, from which it is said that part of a tribe of vanquished Indians were precipitated by their victors, and perished.

Back sweeps the past ! the Indian foe,
Sinks weltering in the depths below,
While peering o'er those ledges steep,
Stern watch, the lynx-eyed victors keep.

See'st thou yon hills, so bold and sheen,
With coronet of ever-green ?
See'st thou close nestling at their feet,
A village with its fair retreat,
Where engines clash, with labour glowing,
And toil to wealth, the way is showing ?

There, erst, in childish sports I've strayed,
Amid an unshorn thicket's glade,
And pleased, from tangled herbage drew,
The Indian posy's mottled hue,
Hare-bells, and violets, sweetly blue,
Or columbines, with purple dy'd,
Or rich lobelia's crimson pride.

Press on, press on, for see how near,
The city's loftier domes appear,
Its roofs in strange confusion blending,
Its hallow'd spires to heaven ascending,
Its sails their snowy whiteness lending,
To the broad river's curving sweep,
Which half in shadow seems to sleep.

Dark forests' rise, in solemn line,
As if the bending skies to join ;
Green fields their ample robes extend,
To catch the treasures that descend,
When loaded trees their blossoms fling,
Swept by the vernal zephyr's wing.

Ask ye what spell doth linger here,
To make this scenery doubly dear ?
Go ask of him who ne'er repines,
Where Hecla's fire volcanic shines,
Of him, who dead to comfort, dwells
In cold Labrador's ice-bound cells,
Of him, who clings to Afric's strand,
Like infant to a mother's hand.

The Switzer ask, whose cabin rude,
Like bird's nest hangs o'er rock and flood ;
The Cambrian, climbing ledges steep,
His famish'd mountain goats to keep :
Ask the Siberian boor, who knows
The horrors of the arctic snows ;
Or the swarth islanders, who hear,
The dread Pacific thundering near :

Yes, ask of all, and when they say,

"This is my spot of birth,"

Then will ye know, what charm hath made
To me, yon well-remember'd glade,
River and rock and greenwood shade,
The Paradise of earth.

THE LAW.

THE ancient Jews used to call their sons, when they attained the age of five years, "*sons of the law.*" At thirteen, the Roman boys, who were trained in the

habits of strict obedience by the mother, passed under the sterner discipline of the father, to be prepared for the duties of a citizen.

Parental authority, thus carefully enforced on children, led them when they became men, to submit peacefully, to the law of the land. Have you ever considered what a blessing it is, to be governed by just laws? Without them, there is no protection either to property, or to life.

Look at the countries which are ruled by a despot. Think of the people, who, of old, built the pyramids, or of those who still labour on the canals, and public works of Egypt, driven from their homes, subject to unpitied toil, with scarce sufficient wages to support existence. Yet to whom could they appeal? He who caused their misery, must be their judge.

The Greeks, when under the Turkish yoke, strove to conceal the little pittance they had earned, or the slender harvest of their vine and olive, lest it should excite the avarice of their oppressors, and the bread be snatched from their starving households. You will recollect the Turks themselves, are liable to the bastinado, the bow-string, or the scimitar, at the will of a tyrant.

Even our own ancestors, the people of England, were subject to many encroachments and wrongs, before Magna Charta, the foundation of their liberty was obtained from King John, somewhat more than six hundred years ago, which guards every individual, in the enjoyment of his property, and life, unless either or both, should be declared forfeit, by the laws of the land.

How thankful should we be, that the happiness of

our nation, is protected by those just and equal laws, without which, there is no true liberty. These should be obeyed, and the magistrates who administer them, respected. In order to become a good citizen, principles of submission to just authority, should be carried through the whole of education.

Sometimes, boys imagine, that to appear to be their own masters, is manly, and to speak lightly of their superiors, gives them consequence. They are mistaken. Insubordination shows either an erring judgment, or a wayward heart. History will show that the greatest and best men, were obedient in their childhood. Reverence for those in authority, is always beautiful in youth.

A good scholar will be obedient to his teachers. He will learn the rules of the school, and keep them. He will never repay those who labour for his instruction, by subverting their regulations. By his orderly, dignified deportment, and his care to keep the law of knowledge, he proves that he will become a worthy citizen, perhaps, a wise magistrate.

The virtues of a good member of the community have their root in family-order, and filial duty. The first law laid upon every child, is obedience to his parents. Love, submission and respect, are their due. If he is unfaithful in these earliest, simplest requisitions, will he not fearfully fail amid the more complex and difficult duties of life?

Is it possible that any of you, can deem of slight importance, your conduct to your parents? Strangers and travellers in an unexplored country, will you disobey your guides? Untaught by experience,

will you rush into temptation, and disregard the voice of your counsellors? Subject to sorrow and affliction, will you be indifferent to your comforters, —ungrateful to the guardians of your helpless infancy?

Beware of the vanity which whispers, you are competent to direct yourselves. Beware of the unimpressible temper which despises parental admonition and of the obstinacy that breaks through its restraints. Neither is it enough simply to obey your parents. You are bound to do all in your power to promote their happiness.

Reflect on their cares and anxieties, their watchings and labours for you; how they have had patience with your ignorance, and loved you amid all your faults, with a changeless love. Can you ever receive favours like these, from any other created being?

Next to your Father in Heaven, love and obey your parents. Conform your wishes to theirs. By your smiling brow, and respectful manners, show them that you find happiness in the exercise of filial affections. For if you carelessly afflict those, whom you can never fully repay, Hope must sigh over the fading promise of your future years.

When our Saviour, at the age of twelve, reasoned with the Jewish doctors, who boasted of their learning, and skill in argument, he was subject to the commands of his mother, even while she, astonished at his wisdom, “kept all his sayings, and pondered them in her heart.”

Amid the lightnings that wrapped Mount Sinai, in robes of flame, and the thunders that shook it to its

base, when the people were afraid to come near, and even Moses, the man of God, trembled, the voice of the Eternal, giving the Law, in terror and in majesty, was heard to proclaim "Honour thy father and thy mother."

Still, He, who "in wrath ever delights to remember mercy, paused with unspeakable condescension to add the cheering promise, "that thy days may be long upon the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Let these words of the Almighty, encourage to perseverance, those who keep reverently the law of their parents, and arrest those who "know the right, and yet the wrong pursue." But whoever, in this respect, stifles the voice of conscience, should remember, that at last, a course of disobedience, will be found to "bite as the serpent, and sting as the adder."

While we insist on filial duty, as not only binding in itself, but the foundation of other virtues, we feel that not the young alone, are "under tutors and governors." We all owe the obedience of children, to the Former of our bodies,—the Father of our spirits. The wisest, and the mightiest, to whom he has given his Holy Word, are bound to be governed by it.

He has placed us in this world, as in a great school. We are all pupils. The Divine Law, is our schoolmaster. It takes cognizance of thoughts, words, and actions. Death announces when our school is over. But he does so, only when our eye is dim, to the light of these lower skies. Then may we find that God's law has been so kept in our hearts, that we may receive "the adoption of sons," and dwell with him for ever.

THE DIVIDED BURDEN.

I SAW a boy, who toward his cottage-home,
A heavy burden bore. The way was steep,
And rocky, and his little, loaded arm,
Strain'd downward to its full extent, while wide
The other, horizontally was thrown,
As if to counterpoise the painful weight,
That drew him toward the earth.

A while he paus'd,
And set his burden down, just where the path
Grew more precipitous, and wip'd his brow
With his worn sleeve, and panting breath'd long
draughts
Of the sweet air, while the hot summer sun,
Flam'd o'er his forehead.

But another boy
'Neath a cool poplar, in a neighbouring field,
Sat playing with his dog, and from the grass
Uprising, with light bound, the fence he clear'd,
And lent a vigorous hand to share the toil.
So, on they went together, grasping firm
The basket's handle, with a right, good will,
And while their young, clear voices met my ear,
I recollected how the Bible said,
"Bear one another's burdens," and perceiv'd
That to obey God's word was happiness.

Then as the bee gleans from the humblest flower
Sown by the way-side, honey for her hive,—

I treasur'd up the lesson, and when eve
Call'd home the labouring ox, and to its bed
Warn'd the young bird, and shut the lily's cup,
I took my little boy upon my knee,
And told him of the basket-bearer's toil,
And of the friend who help'd him.

When his eye
Swell'd full, and round, and fix'd upon my face,
Taking the story to his inmost soul ;
I said, " My son, be pitiful to all,
And aid them when thou canst.

For God hath sown
Sweet seeds within us, seeds of sympathy
Whose buds are virtues, such as bloom for heaven.

If thy young sister weepeth, kiss the tear
From her smooth cheek, and sooth with tender words
Her swelling breast ; or if a secret thorn
Is in thy brother's bosom ; draw it thence :
Or if thy playmate sorroweth, lend an ear,
And share with sympathy his weight of woe.

And when thou art a man, my little one,
Still keep thy spirit open to the ills
Of foreigner and stranger, of the race
Whom Afric's sun hath darken'd, and of those,
Poor red-brow'd exiles, from our forest-shades,
Where once they ruled supreme.

Thus shalt thou shun
That selfishness, which wrapp'd in its own gifts,
Forgets alike the Giver, and the grief
Of those who mourn.

So may'st thou ever find
Pity and love, in thine own time of need,
If on thy young heart, as a signet-ring,
Thou gav'st that motto from a Book Divine,
"Bear one another's burdens, and fulfil
The law of Christ."

THE PRISONER'S QUESTION.

The Chaplain of one of the penitentiaries in the United States, mentions that a prisoner once earnestly inquired of him, if happy spirits ever looked from heaven, upon the friends they had left behind, and at his reply, exclaimed in agony, "My mother! oh, my mother!"

He stood within his prison-gate,
That lonely man of crime,
Upon whose brow, an early guilt
Had done the work of time.

For where the baleful passions boil,
Though form and cheek are fair,
Their-poison fumes distain the charms,
That beauty lavish'd there.

Then reaching through those iron bars,
The chaplain's hand he wrung,
Who warned him of his Maker's wrath,
With an unflattering tongue.

One question more!"—the holy man
Turn'd at his eager cry,
And bent him toward that darken'd cell,
With pity in his eye.

“Think'st thou, that those who lov'd us here,
Who now do reign in bliss,
E'er from that glorious sphere look down,
To note the deeds of this?”

“We know not,—said his reverend guide
God's volume doth not say,
But nature speaking in our hearts,
Makes answer that they may.”

Then sorrow seiz'd that erring man,
The struggle shook him sore,
Till unaccustom'd tears fell down,
Upon his dungeon-floor ;

“Oh mother ! mother ! if thine eye
Must see thy darling son,
Here, 'mid the vilest of the vile,
Would that my life were done.”

And long those strain'd and burning orbs,
Pour'd forth the bitter rain,
But Thou, who hear'st the sinner's cry,
Say, was this anguish vain !

Perchance, even then, that mother's prayer,
Which blest his cradle-bed,
Did win its answer for his soul,
And snatch it from the dead.

THE FARMER.

ONE of the most desirable occupations, is that of the farmer. How pleasant to be abroad among the works of nature,—to study the adaptation of soil to production,—to prepare the earth for its future crop,—to sow the seed,—to gather in the harvest.

It is delightful to see the farmer, separating from their lofty stalks, the golden sheaves of corn, or burying his bright scythe, among the dewy, fragrant grass, or hastening with his sickle, to reap the ripened grain. His faithful dog, guards the garment which he throws off, and ere the noon-day heat, seated under a shady tree, he opens his basket of refreshments, and finds them sweetened by toil.

How conducive is this kind of industry, to vigour of constitution. Compare the strong frame, and firm muscle of the hardy farmer, with the slender forms, and pallid faces of the throngs who labour in our crowded manufactories, breathing a close atmosphere, and debarred from healthful exercise, among rural objects.

Cheerfulness and innocence are connected with the life of a farmer. Large cities, abound with countless temptations, to extravagance and vice. Vagrant and idle people gather there, desiring to be rich without labour, and thus opening the door to crimes, which, in an agricultural community, are unknown.

The farmer is the most truly independent man. Let the gains of trade fluctuate as they may, and the glittering hopes of speculation break, like bubbles in the sun, his subsistence is secure. In the furrows of his plough, bread springs up. His young cattle grow, while he sleeps.

His snowy flocks,—his green fields of flax, contain the elements of his clothing. His wife and daughters sing, while, their busy wheels prepare it. They transmute the milk of his herds, into comforts for his table, while with equal industry, his bees explore the flowery meadows, to bring home honey to his hive.

His children, so far from being a burden, add to his wealth. They willingly put their hands to such labours, as their strength admits of, and their ruddy cheeks show their healthful contentment. The playful lambs, and the young of the domestic fowls, are objects of their care, and they find their happiness in safe and simple pleasures.

The winter-evenings are a delightful season, in the family of an intelligent farmer. He has then a respite from more laborious occupation, and loves to read instructive books, to the group around his fire-side, while the needle, the knitting-needles, the quiet hum of the flax-wheel, or the rocking cradle of the babe, are no disturbance to the listening mind.

Sometimes, the aged parents of the farmer, may be seen with their hoary hairs, seated in the warmest corner, and breathing a silent blessing on their descendants. Fruit and nuts from his own trees, vary the evening-banquet, and last of all, from the family

altar, the prayer of pious gratitude goes up, to the Lord of the harvest.

From such households, have come forth, some of the most illustrious men, who have adorned the history of our country. Wise rulers, eloquent orators, —ornaments of the learned professions, have been thus nurtured. They have acknowledged that the industry,—the simplicity,—the subordination of their early years, were the seeds of their greatness.

The cultivation of land, forms a delightful recreation, for a man of fortune, and of accomplished mind. It is connected with the sciences, with intellectual and philosophical research. The gentlemen-farmers of England, are among the best educated men of the realm.

Agriculture as a profession, is dignified and deserving of respect. Our farmers, are our true nobility. Let them be careful to enrich their minds with liberal knowledge—to teach their children not to be ashamed of honest industry, and to “hold fast their integrity,” for their country’s sake.

The expanse of land in our territory, is so great, that the young should be encouraged to engage in its cultivation. We ought not to import from other countries, those articles of subsistence, which might better be raised at home.

Why should wheat, hay, eggs, and similar articles be brought us from European countries, of narrow bound, and a heavy population, and our own rich vales and broad prairies, lie waste and uncultivated? “We do not think much of a country that imports its bread,” said some wealthy and judicious foreign-

ers, when urged to invest their funds, in our alluring speculations.

Agriculture should be fostered by public opinion. It has been the choice of some of the wisest, most distinguished men. "Let me go home, to plough and plant my few acres," said Cincinnatus, breaking away from all the allurements of power and splendour, with which the Roman people surrounded him.

So, our own Washington retired from the highest honours that a grateful country could bestow, to the cultivation of his farm, and the tranquil shades of Mount Vernon. It was he who admonished the people to give honour to men, who, with their hands, maintained their families, and brought up children in honest industry.

His knowledge of history, as well as his observation of mankind, taught him that nations which despise the simple pursuits of agriculture, and rush onward to sudden wealth and luxury, degenerate and decline.

The peaceful occupation of the farmer, was praised by Socrates. "Agriculture, said he, is an employment the most worthy the attention of man,—the most ancient, and the most suitable to his nature. It is the common nurse of all persons, of every condition in life,—the source of health, strength plenty, and riches, and of a thousand sober delights, and honest pleasures."

The true prosperity of a nation, is not so much in the possessions, or the number of its subjects, as in their habit and character. Republics, ought therefore, to strive to give dignity to agriculture, since more than any other form of government, their

existence depends on the virtue and intelligence of the people.

It has been well said, that our country may be compared to an oak, and agriculture to the roots which provide food and the elements of wealth ; manufactures, to the leaves which elaborate and convert to useful purposes, what the roots furnish : and commerce, to the branches, or channel of intercourse, between the roots and leaves.

“Without the branches, both roots and leaves would be deprived of their reciprocal aids. Without the leaves, growth must cease. Without the root,—leaves, branches, and trunk must perish. Let us, therefore, cherish and protect all ; but especially let us nurture the root, as the primary source of life and growth, vigour, and utility.”

A statesman and philosopher of our land, has asserted, that “God made the breast of those who labour in the earth, his peculiar deposit for substantial virtues. Corruption of morals, in a mass of cultivators, is a phenomena of which no age or nation, has furnished an example.

“This is a mark set on those, who not looking up to Heaven, for its blessing on their own toil and industry, as does the husbandman, depend for it on the casualties and caprices of customers. For the proportion which the aggregate of other classes of citizens bears in any state to that of its husbandmen, is the proportion of its unsound to its healthy parts.”

These are strong words. But we will always respect farmers. We consider their occupation, not only healthful in itself, but for the health of our country. And should she ever be in trouble, we be-

lieve that there will come forth from her quiet farm-houses, strength to defend her liberties, and virtue to preserve them.

AGRICULTURE.

Saw you the farmer at his plough,
As you were passing by ?
Or wearied 'neath his noon-day toil
When summer suns were high ?

And thought you that his lot was hard ?
And did you thank your God
That you and yours were not condemn'd
Thus like a slave to plod ?

Come, see him at his harvest-home,
When garden, field, and tree,
Conspire, with flowing stores to fill
His barn and granary.

His healthful children gaily sport
Amid the new-mown hay,
Or gladly aid, with vigorous arm,
His task as best they may.

The dog partakes his master's joy,
And guards the loaded wain,
The feathery people clap their wings,
And lead their youngling train.

Perchance, the hoary grandsire's eye,
The glowing scene surveys,
And breathes a blessing on his race,
Or guides their evening praise.

The Harvest-Giver is their friend,
The Maker of the soil,
And Earth, the Mother, gives them bread,
And cheers their patient toil.

Come, join them round their wintry hearth,
Their heartfelt-pleasures see,
And you can better judge how blest.
The farmer's life may be.

BIRDS IN AUTUMN.

NOVEMBER came on, with an eye severe,
And his stormy language, was hoarse to hear,
And the glittering garland, of brown and red,
Which he wreath'd for awhile, round the forest's head,
In sudden anger he rent away,
And all was cheerless, and bare, and grey.

Then the houseless grasshopper told his woes,
And the humming-bird sent forth a wail for the rose,
And the spider, that weaver, of cunning so deep,
Roll'd himself up, in a ball, to sleep,
And the cricket his merry horn laid by,
On the shelf with the pipe of the dragon-fly.

Soon voices were heard, at the morning prime,
Consulting of flight, to a warmer clime,
"Let us go ! let us go !" said the bright-wing'd jay,
And his grey spouse sang from a rocking spray
"I am tir'd to death of this hum-drum tree,
I'll go, if 'tis only this world to see."

"Will you go," ask'd the robin, "my only love ?"
And a tender strain from the leafless grove
Responded, "wherever your lot is cast,
Mid sunny skies, or the wintry blast,
I am still at your side, your heart to cheer,
Though dear is our nest, in this thicket here."

"I am ready to go, cried the plump young wren,
From the hateful homes of these northern men,
My throat is sore, and my feet are blue,
I fear I have caught the consumption too,
And the Oriole told with a flashing eye,
How his plumage was spoil'd by the frosty sky.

Then up went the thrush, with a trumpet-call, [wall,]
And the martins came forth from their box on the
And the owlets peep'd out from their secret bower,
And the swallows conven'd on the old church tower,
And the council of blackbirds was long and loud,
Chattering and flying from tree to cloud.

"The dahlia is dead on her throne," said they,
And we saw the butterfly, cold as clay,
Not a berry is found on the russet plains,
Not a kernel of ripen'd maize remains,
Every worm is hid, shall we longer stay,
To be wasted with famine, away ! away !"

But what a strange clamour on elm and oak,
From a bevy of brown-coated mocking-birds broke !
The theme of each separate speaker they told,
In a shrill report, with such mimickry bold,
That the eloquent orators stared to hear,
Their own true echoes, so wild and clear.

Then tribe after tribe, with its leader fair,
Swept off, through the fathomless depth of air ;
Who maketh their course to the tropics bright ?
Who nerveth their wing for its weary flight ?
Who guideth that caravan's trackless way,
By the stars at night, and the cloud by day ?

The Indian fig with its arching screen,
Welcomes them in, to its vistas green
And the breathing buds of the spicy tree,
Thrill at the burst of their revelry,
And the bulbul starts, 'mid his carol clear,
Such a rushing of stranger-wings to hear.

O wild-wood wanderers ! how far away
From your rural homes in our vales ye stray ;
But when they are wak'd by the touch of Spring,
We shall see you again with your glancing wing,
Your nests 'mid our household trees to raise,
And stir our hearts in our Maker's praise.

THE INDIAN KING.

AMONG the early settlers of these United States, were some pious people, called Huguenots, who fled from the persecutions in France, under Louis the

Fourteenth. It has been said, that wherever the elements of their character, mingled with this New World, the infusion was salutary.

Industry, patience, sweet social affections, and piety, firm, but not austere, were the distinctive features of this interesting race. A considerable number of them, chose their abode in a part of the State of Massachusetts, about the year 1686, and commenced the labours inseparable from the formation of a new colony.

In their vicinity, was a powerful tribe of Indians, whom they strove to conciliate. They extended to them the simple rites of hospitality, and their kind and gentle manners, wrought happily upon the proud, yet susceptible nature of the aborigines.

But their settlement had not long assumed the marks of regularity and beauty, ere they observed in their savage neighbours, a reserved deportment. This increased, until the son of the forest, utterly avoided the dwellings of the new comers, where he had been pleased to accept a shelter for the night, or a covert for the storm.

Occasionally, some lingering one, might be seen near the cultivated grounds, regarding the more skilful agriculture of the white inhabitants, with a dejected and lowering brow. It was rumoured that these symptoms of disaffection arose from the influence of an aged chief, whom they considered a prophet, who denounced the "pale intruders;" and they grieved that they should not have been more successful in conciliating their red brethren.

Three years had elapsed since the establishment of their little colony. Autumn was now advancing

towards its close, and copse and forest exhibited those varied and opposing hues, which clothe in beauty and brilliance, the foliage of New England. The harvest was gathered in, and every family made preparation for the approach of winter.

Here and there, groups of children might be seen, bearing homeward, baskets of nuts, which they had gathered in the thicket, or forest. It was pleasant to hear their joyous voices, and see their ruddy faces, like bright flowers, amid wilds so lately tenanted by the prowling wolf, the fierce panther, and the sable bear.

In one of these nut-gatherings, a little boy and girl, of eight and four years old, the only children of a settler, whose wife had died on the voyage hither, accidentally separated from their companions. They had discovered on their way home, profuse clusters of the purple frost-grape, and entering a rocky recess to gain the new treasure, did not perceive that the last rays of the setting sun were fading away.

Suddenly, they were seized by two Indians. The boy struggled violently, and his little sister cried to him for protection, but in vain. The long strides of their captors, soon bore them far beyond the bounds of the settlement. Night was far advanced, ere they halted. Then they kindled a fire, and offered the children some food.

The heart of the boy swelled high with grief and anger, and he refused to partake. But the poor little girl, took some parched corn from the hand of the Indian, who held her on his knee. He smiled as he saw her eat the kernels, and look up in his face

with a wondering, yet reproachless eye. Then they lay down to sleep in the dark forest, each with an arm over his captive.

Great was the alarm in the colony, when those children returned not. Every spot was searched, where it was thought possible they might have lost their way. But when at length, their little baskets were found, over-turned in a tangled thicket, one terrible conclusion burst upon every mind, that they must have been captured by Indians.

It was decided, that ere any warlike measures were adopted, the father should go peacefully to the Indian king, and demand his children. At the earliest dawn of morning, he departed with his companions. They met a friendly Indian, pursuing the chase, who had occasionally shared their hospitality and consented to be their guide.

They travelled through rude paths, until the day drew near a close. Then, approaching a circle of native dwellings, in the midst of which was a tent, they saw a man of lofty form, with a coronet of feathers upon his brow, and surrounded by warriors. The guide saluted him as his monarch, and the bereaved father, bowing down, addressed him.

"King of the red men, thou seest a father in pursuit of his lost babes. He has heard that your people will not harm the stranger in distress. So he trusts himself fearlessly among you. The king of our own native land, who should have protected us, became our foe. We fled from our dear homes, from the graves of our fathers.

"The ocean-wave brought us to this New World. We are a peaceful race, pure from the blood of all

men. We seek to take the hand of our red brethren. Of my own kindred, none inhabit this wilderness save two little buds from a broken, buried stem.

"Last night, sorrow entered into my soul, because I found them not. Knowest thou, O King, if thy people have taken my babes? Knowest thou where they have concealed them? Cause them, I pray thee, to be restored to my arms. So shall the Great Spirit bless thine own tender plants, and lift up thy heart, when it weigheth heavily in thy bosom."

The Indian monarch, bending on him a piercing glance, said, "Knowest thou me? Look in my eyes! Look! Answer me! Are they those of a stranger?" The Huguenot replied that he had no recollection of having ever before seen his countenance.

"Thus it is with the white man. He is dim-eyed. He looketh on the garments, more than on the soul. Where your ploughs wound the earth, oft have I stood, watching your toil. There was no coronet on my brow. But I was a king. And you knew it not.

"I looked upon your people. I saw neither pride, nor violence. I went an enemy, but returned a friend. I said to my warriors, do these men no harm. They do not hate Indians. Then our white-haired Prophet of the Great Spirit rebuked me. He bade me make no league with the pale faces, lest angry words should be spoken of me, among the shades of our buried kings.

"Yet again I went where thy brethren have reared their dwellings. Yes, I entered thy house. *And thou knowest not this brow?* I could tell thine at midnight, if but a single star trembled through the clouds.

My ear would know thy voice, though the storm were abroad with all its thunders.

"I have said that I was a king. Yet I came to thee an hungered. And thou gavest me bread. My head was wet with the tempest. Thou badest me to lie down on thy hearth, and thy son for whom thou mournest, covered me.

"I was sad in spirit. And thy little daughter, whom thou seekest with tears, sat on my knee. She smiled when I told her how the beaver buildeth his house in the forest. My heart was comforted, for I saw that she did not hate Indians.

"Turn not on me such a terrible eye. I am no stealer of babes. I have reproved the people who took the children. I have sheltered them for thee. Not a hair of their heads is hurt. Thinkest thou that the red man can forget kindness? They are sleeping in my tent. Had I but a single blanket, it should have been their bed. Take them, and return unto thy people."

He waved his hand to an attendant, and in a moment, the two children were in the arms of their father. The white men were hospitably sheltered for that night, and the twilight of the next day, bore upward from the rejoicing colony, a prayer for the heathen of the forest, and that pure praise which mingles with the music around the Throne.

THE PRAYER ON BUNKER'S HILL.

It was an hour of fear and dread,
High rose the battle cry,
And round in heavy volumes spread
The war-cloud to the sky.

'Twas not, as when in rival strength,
Contending nations meet,
Or love of conquest madly hurls
A monarch from his seat.

But many a warm cemented tie,
Was riven in anguish wild,
Ere with a foe-man's vengeful eye
The parent met the child.

O'er the green hill's beleagur'd breast,
Swept on the conflict high,
And many a gallant leader prest
The trampled turf to die.

Yet one was there unus'd to tread,
The path of mortal strife,
Who but the Saviour's flock had led
Beside the fount of life.

He knelt him where the black smoke wreath'd
His head was bow'd and bare,
While for an infant land, he breath'd
The agony of prayer.

The shafts of death flew thick and fast,
'Mid shrieks of ire and pain,
Wide wav'd his white locks on the blast,
And round him fell the slain.

Yet still with fervency intense
He prest the endanger'd spot,
The selfish thought, the shrinking sense
O'ermaster'd, and forgot.

'Twould seem as if a marble form
Wrought in some quarried height,
Stood fix'd amid that battle storm,
Save that the eye was bright.

Save that the deeply-heaving breast,
The hand uprais'd in air,
The smile, yet moving lips, exprest
That strong life wrestled there.

Then loud upon their native soil,
Peal'd forth their victor's cry,
And thinn'd beneath the desperate toil,
The wearied host swept by.

But 'mid that strange and fierce delight,
A chief of other days,
Gave up your falchions broad and bright,
Your own light arms the praise.

Or thought ye still how many a prayer,
Amid the deathful fray,
From cottage homes, and heads of care,
Rose up for you that day?

The column red with early morn,
May tower o'er Bunker's height,
And proudly till a race unborn
Their patriot father's might.

But thou, Oh patriot, old and grey,
Thou prophet of the free,*
Who knelt amid the dead, that day,
What fame shall rise to thee ?

It is not meet that brass or stone,
Which feel the touch of time,
Should keep the record of a faith
That woke thy deed sublime.

We trace it on a tablet fair
Which glows when stars wax pale,
A promise that the good man's prayer
Shall with his God prevail.

JOTHAM'S PARABLE.

THE trees of Israel once conven'd
In conclave, strange and bold,
To choose a ruler, though the Lord
Had been their king of old.
And first, the homage of their vow
They to the Olive paid,
But she the flattering suit repell'd,
And lov'd the peaceful glade.

* During the battle of Bunker's Hill, a venerable clergyman of Massachusetts, knelt on the field, with hands upraised, and grey head uncovered, and while the bullets whistled around him, prayed for the success of his people.

Next, to the fruitful Fig they turn'd,
On Shechem's shadowy height,
And spread the gilded lures of power
Before her dazzled sight ;
But shivering low, in every leaf,
As the light breeze swept by,
Ambition's sinful thought she spurn'd,
And rais'd to Heaven her eye.

So then the lowly vine they sought,
That round her trellis bound,
In sweet contentment humbly dwelt,
Belov'd by all around ;
Yet, hiding 'neath her clusters broad,
With unobtrusive smile,
And clinging closer to her prop,
She 'scap'd th' insidious wile.

Then up the thorny Bramble spake
To every lofty tree,—
“Come, put your trust beneath my shade,
And I'll your ruler be.”
“The Bramble-shade ! the Bramble-shade !
Have you forgot the day
When Midian's old oppressive yoke
Was nobly rent away.

“My glorious sire!—Have ye forgot
How in God's strength he rose ?
And took his dear life in his hand,
And triumph'd o'er your foes ?

So now, if with my father's house,
Ye have dealt well and true,
Rejoice ye in your new-made lord,
While he exults in you.

“But, if my slaughter'd brethren's blood
Still from the dust doth cry,
And echo in that Judge's ear,
Who rules both earth and sky,
Then from the bramble, where ye trust,
Break forth, at midnight hour,
The o'erwhelming and vindictive flame,
And all your host devour.”

That voice the ingrate people heard
With deep remorse and dread,
And deem'd some spirit, strong in wrath,
Had risen from the dead ;
For there, on Gerizzim, he stood,
Amid its cedars bright,
And frown'd one moment on the throng,
They vanish'd from their sight.

But fearful was their fiery doom
On Shechem's leaguer'd tower,
When fierce Abimelech arose,
With war's disastrous power.
Each soldier bore a sever'd bough,
And rear'd a mighty pile,
From whence the wild, unpitying flame
Consum'd the men of guile.

And on that tyrant's head there fell
A weight of wrath and pain,—
Dire judgment for usurping guilt,
And for his brethren slain.
The mill-stone, by a woman thrown,—
A servant's deadly thrust,—
Aveng'd the usurper's ruthless deed,
And crush'd him to the dust.

DR. HERMAN BOERHAAVE.

HERMAN BOERHAAVE, was one of the best men, and most illustrious physicians. He was the son of a clergyman, and born at a small village in Holland, on the last day of the year 1668. Love of study marked his childhood, and, at the age of fourteen, he was sent to the public school at Leyden.

His proficiency, while at school, was so great, that in less than a year after he became a member, he was advanced with honour, to the highest class, which is allowed after six months preparation, to enter the University. But scarcely was he admitted there, before a dark shade was cast over his prospects, by the death of his father, who left a numerous family, in reduced circumstances.

Still, his efforts to obtain an education, were not checked by sorrow, and he expressed his trust in the guidance and support of that Father who never dies. His desire was to become a clergyman, and after laying a solid foundation in the sciences, he com-

menced the study of the Hebrew language, and of theology.

The necessity of doing something for his immediate support, induced him to resign the pursuits that were most congenial to his taste, and devote himself to the science of medicine. After leaving the university, he suffered much from poverty, and while pursuing a wide range of the studies of nature, to aid him in his future profession, was obliged to supply himself with the necessaries of life, by teaching mathematics.

But afterwards, when he became known as a physician, wealth flowed in upon him, like a flood, so that at the time of his death, he left a fortune of several hundred thousand dollars, as a proof of what honest and well-directed industry, might perform. Yet he was far from being exorbitant in his charges, or arrogant of his skill, though he had been blest as the instrument of healing, in many difficult and almost helpless cases.

His feeling and benevolent heart, led him to visit and prescribe for those who were too poor to compensate him. "These, said he, are my best patients. God is their paymaster." He was diligent, both night and day, to relieve suffering, and his kind, and sympathetic feelings, so beamed forth in his countenance, that he approached the couch of the sick, like a beneficent spirit.

Reputation and honour, were the rewards of his knowledge and goodness. He was appointed Professor of Chemistry, Professor of Botany, and Professor of Medicine, in the University of Leyden. The Royal Society of London, and the Academy of

Sciences at Paris, elected him an honorary member, and distant princes confided pupils to his care.

When Peter the Great, was in Holland, in 1715, he attended the lectures of Boerhaave, and received lessons from him, as a scholar. Nor was his fame confined to Europe. It spread far among the eastern nations. A letter from a mandarin in China, directed to the "illustrious Boerhaave, physician in Europe," came to him, without mistake or delay.

Amid all these distinctions, which would have elated a weak or vain mind, he was humble, and full of those amiable qualities, which endeared him to society, and to the domestic circle. At the age of forty-two, he married the daughter of the burgomaster of Leyden, and, notwithstanding his household and professional avocations, found time for the composition of several literary works.

He was an eloquent orator, and spoke with such dignity and grace, that his auditors regretted when his lectures closed. He taught methodically, and with great precision. His pupils found him not only a skilful professor, and an indefatigable instructor, but a tender friend, encouraging their exertions, consoling them under afflictions, and when necessary, relieving their pecuniary necessities.

He was a declared foe to all extravagance and excess, yet cheerful, and desirous of promoting the true happiness of the young. He was zealous for the truth, but dispassionate; constant and affectionate in friendship; in every relation of life, virtuous and exemplary. Yet the high esteem which he enjoyed, and his real excellence, did not save him from calumny and detraction.

He was not angry at his enemies, and paid little attention to their unkindness. "The surest remedy against scandal, he would say, is to *live it down*, by perseverance in well-doing, and by prayer to God to cure the distempered minds of those who traduce and injure us."

To a friend who admired his patience under great provocations, and asked by what means he had acquired such entire self-control, he replied with great frankness, that by nature he was inclined to resentment, but that by daily prayer and meditation, he had obtained the command of his passions.

He was temperate in his mode of life, and recommended temperance to others. The continual activity of his mind, sparkled in his eyes. His manners were unassuming,—his whole appearance simple, and when age and deep study changed the colour of his hair, he was remarkable for that beautiful and venerable aspect which creates respect, and conciliates affection.

Piety, and a deep sense of dependence on God, formed the basis of his virtues. Fully sensible of the infirmity of human nature, he arrogated no merit to himself. When he received praise for benevolence, or wisdom, he ascribed it to the Great Author of every "good and perfect gift." So profound was his humility, that when he heard of any condemned criminal, he would say, "Who knows whether he is not better than I? Or if I have escaped his sins, I owe it to Divine Goodness."

He was an early riser; and it was always his habit as soon as he had dressed, to retire an hour for devotion, and the study of the Bible. When his friends

expressed surprise at the fatigue he was able to endure in his profession, he said, "my morning hour of prayer and meditation, gives me spirit and vigour, for the toils or trials of the day."

The practice from which he derived such benefit, he urged others, especially the young, to adopt. "Nothing, said he, more conduces to health of body, or tranquillity of mind. Indeed, I know of nothing, which is able to support me, and my fellow-creatures, under the various distresses of life, but a well-grounded confidence in a Supreme Being, resting on the principles of Christianity."

Feeling that a religious physician has it in his power to do good to the soul as well as the body, he made the excellence of the Christian religion, a frequent theme of discourse, and on every proper occasion, asserted the divine origin of the Scriptures, and their efficacy in making men "wise unto salvation."

He constantly and feelingly affirmed, that a strict obedience to the doctrines, and a diligent imitation of the examples of our blessed Saviour, was the foundation of true happiness. He asserted, that submission to the will of God, without repining, or searching after hidden reasons, was the duty of a Christian.

His last illness, was lingering and painful. But his fortitude and patience, never forsook him. He intermitted neither the necessary care of life, nor the serious preparation for its close. The piety which he had cherished from early years, was a fountain of joy and hope, when about to take his departure from all earthly things.

A short time before his dissolution, he received a

visit from an excellent clergyman, and after joining with him in fervent prayer, spoke in a most interesting manner, of the nature of the soul. He remarked, that the infirmities of his body, had no power over the mind,—that the strongest pains neither oppressed, nor vanquished it. Hence he drew an affecting proof of its immortality.

He asserted, that amid the keenest sufferings which had been appointed him, his soul had been always master of itself, always resigned to the pleasure of its Maker. Confirming in sickness, what he had asserted in health, he added, “he who loves God, ought to think nothing desirable, but what is most pleasing to the Supreme Goodness.”

As death approached, his cheerful trust seemed to increase, and his spirit to rise still more, above the influence of pain. He died on the 25th of September, 1738, in the seventieth year of his age, honoured and lamented. His works were afterwards published in five large quarto volumes, and the city of Leyden erected a monument to his memory, bearing his own favourite, and characteristic motto, “*Truth unarrayed.*”

EVENING THOUGHT.

Written while at school, at a distance from home.

WINTRY tempest, wild and loud,
Scattering snow-wreaths from the cloud,
Through my sleeted pane, I see
Many a drift uprear'd by thee,

Where the traveller's foot may fail,
As he breasts the northern gale.

Yet stay, thou rude and sweeping blast,
That o'er my native rocks hast past,
And tell me if my parents dear
Listen'd like me,—thy voice to hear.
Oh tell me if their eve was spent
In comfort, and in calm content,
If glow'd their eye with gladness mild,
Or spoke they of their absent child.

Thou wilt not for my question stay,
Thou dost not know, or canst not say.
But speed'st unpitying, on thy path,
In cold contempt, and headlong wrath,
Yet is the fate of those I love
Dear to the Power who rules above.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

“Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.”

Num. xxiii. 10.

I LOOK'D upon the righteous man,
And saw his parting breath,
Without a struggle or a sigh
Yield peacefully to Death,
There was no anguish on his brow,
No terror in his eye,
The Spoiler launch'd a fatal dart,
But lost the victory.

I look'd upon the righteous man,
And heard the holy prayer
Which rose above that breathless clay
To soothe the mourner's care,
And felt how precious was the gift,
He to his dear ones gave,
The stainless memory of the just,
The wealth beyond the grave.

I look'd upon the righteous man,
And all our earthly trust,
Its pleasure—vanity, and pride,
Seem'd lighter than the dust,
Compar'd with his eternal gain,
A home above the sky!—
O grant us, Lord, his life to live,
That we his death may die.

DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, was the youngest son of a family of seventeen children, and born in Boston, Massachusetts, January 17th, 1706. His parents desired to give him a good education, and at the age of eight years, placed him at school, where by his readiness to learn, he soon reached the head of his class, and bade fair to become a distinguished scholar.

But his father being obliged to labour for the support of a numerous family, found himself unable to

bear the expenses of continuing him at school, and took him at ten years of age, to assist in his own trade of a tallow-chandler. While he was industriously employed in the work of the shop, his mind was meditating upon the books he had perused, and devising how to get time to read others.

Among the very few volumes which his father possessed, was an old, worn copy of Cotton Mather's "Essays to do Good." This he read and pondered, until its contents were impressed upon his memory. It so strongly influenced his character, that, in later years, when he had become distinguished by deeds of philanthropy, he said the foundation was laid in his mind, by the perusal of that book.

All the little money that he was able to obtain, he laid by, for the purchase of books. The first that he was able to buy, were the works of John Bunyan. His strong taste for reading, determined his father to bind him apprentice to an elder brother, who was a printer. He was then eleven years old, and being active and diligent, made himself very useful in the business.

He was much happier in his new trade, because he had better opportunities to borrow useful books. These, he was careful to keep perfectly clean, and return in a short time, though he frequently had to borrow some hours from sleep, in order to read them. He soon began to write his thoughts, sometimes in poetry, and sometimes in prose.

His father praised him for the correctness of his spelling and punctuation, but told him his sentences were rough and unpolished, and recommended to him to study the writings of Addison. By a careful

perusal of the best authors, he soon became sensible of the force and beauty of a simple and graceful style.

The brother, whose apprentice he was, commenced in 1720, the second newspaper, which had ever appeared in America. Benjamin was very busy, in setting the types, printing the sheets, and carrying the papers to subscribers. Here he also inserted some of his own compositions, keeping the circumstance a strict secret.

He was gratified to hear people who visited the printing-office, speak in praise of the articles which he had written, and impute them to gentlemen of talents and learning ;—little thinking that the printer's boy, so busy at the press, was their author. He used sometimes to engage in the discussion of important subjects, with a companion, who seemed to partake of his desire for improvement.

He discovered, that in argument it was best to be candid and open to conviction. "If you desire improvement from others, he said, do not express yourself fixed in your own present opinions. Those who are modest and sensible, do not love to dispute, and will leave you undisturbed in the possession of your errors. By a positive and dogmatical manner, you can seldom expect to please your hearers, or obtain the concurrence you desire."

At the age of sixteen, he read a treatise on vegetable diet, which pleased him so much, that he long abstained from animal food. He found that neither his strength, nor his spirits suffered, but at his boarding-house, they complained of the trouble of preparing extra dishes. So he proposed that his

brother should allow him half the sum, which he paid weekly for his board, promising to furnish with it his own provisions.

He found it easy, not only to keep his word, but to save from the allowance, a small fund for the purchase of books. It also aided him in another favourite object, the economy of time. While his brother with the apprentices, were gone to their meals, he was left alone in the printing-office, and soon despatching his slight repast, of a biscuit, or a slice of bread, with a glass of water, and perhaps a few raisins, he secured a precious interval for study.

Not meeting from his brother any assistance, in his pursuit of improvement, and finding him neither as kind or as liberal as he had reason to expect, he left him, and went to New York, and Philadelphia, in search of employment at his trade. He was induced in 1724, to go to England, where he remained a year and a half, working as a journeyman-printer, and gaining a thorough knowledge of his profession.

At his return to his native country, he took up his residence in Philadelphia. He was very diligent in his business, and when he became able, undertook the printing of a newspaper. He dressed plainly, and frequented no places of amusement. Perceiving that there was too often a false pride about those who obtained their living by mechanical employment, he took care to be frequently seen, bringing in a wheelbarrow, through the streets, the paper which he purchased for his printing-office.

Not content with his own improvement, he formed a society, for discussion, and writing, on subjects of importance. Each member was to deposit a few

volumes in the room, where they held their weekly meetings. This library proved so useful, that he was induced to found a larger one, where fifty subscribers paid an annual sum for the purchase of books. Thus the first public library in Philadelphia, was founded by one, who had so recently been an obscure printer's boy.

At the age of twenty-four, he married Mrs. Rogers, formerly Miss Read, to whom he became attached, when he first arrived in Philadelphia, and at the house of whose father he had boarded, when a stranger, and without resources. She proved an affectionate, and congenial companion, entering warmly into his system of frugality, and by aiding him in folding and stitching pamphlets, and tending his shop, contributed to his success in business.

By great economy of time, he was enabled to secure an hour or two, each day, for reading. He then commenced by himself, the study of languages. He soon gained such a knowledge of French, as to read it with perfect ease, and then acquired both Italian and Spanish. He was as solicitous for moral as for intellectual improvement, and was equally systematic to attain it.

He furnished himself with a tablet, on which he wrote the names of different virtues,—for instance, Temperance, Industry, Frugality, Justice, Tranquillity of Temper, and Order in the arrangement of things, and the distribution of time. To each he affixed a precept, and then taking them in succession, devoted a week to the particular observation of one virtue; thus going through the list, week after week,

for many years, until he had formed correspondent habits, on which he might depend.

In speaking of this system, when about eighty years old, he ascribes to his perseverance in it, the "constant felicity of his life; to the temperance thus established, his long-continued health; to industry and frugality, the acquisition of his fortune, and the knowledge which enabled him to be an useful citizen; to sincerity and justice, the confidence of his country, and the honourable employments it had conferred upon him."

He adds, that to the "joint influence of the whole mass of these virtues, even in the imperfect state I was able to acquire them, I impute all that evenness of temper, and cheerfulness in conversation, which make my company still sought for, and agreeable to the young. I hope some of my descendants may follow the example, and like their aged ancestor, reap the same benefit."

His prudence, and excellent judgment, made his advice sought for, and prized. At the age of thirty, he was chosen Clerk of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania. His introduction to public offices of honour, created some envy. He was careful not to lose his temper, but to conciliate those who were unfriendly, as far as he could do so, consistently with manly dignity.

He was once opposed by a man of education and talents. His knowledge of human nature, pointed out a mode of softening his enmity. He sent a polite note, requesting the loan from his library, of a valuable book. It was sent, and after a week, was returned, with a note, expressing gratitude. When

he next met the gentleman, he was treated with civility, and they afterwards became warm friends.

On this occasion, he remarks, that it furnished a new instance of the truth of a maxim, he learned when a boy, that he who has once done you a kindness, will be more ready to do you another, than he whom you have yourself obliged. He adds, what all young persons would do well to adopt as a rule, "how much more profitable it is, prudently to remove, than to resent, return, or continue, unkind and inimical treatment."

He turned much of his attention to internal improvements,—to the regulation of the city-watchmen,—the formation of fire-companies,—the establishment of an academy,—and a hospital for the sick,—the regulation of affairs with the neighbouring Indians,—and the general interests of education. He was chosen member of the Legislature, and became loaded with public offices.

He had a strong taste for philosophical studies, and his experiments in electricity, which resulted in the practical discovery of the protection afforded to buildings by lightning-rods, rendered his name illustrious. The Royal Society of London, before whom his papers on this subject were read, sent him a gold medal, and elected him a member of their honourable body.

His theory was readily adopted, and highly applauded in France. His volume on Electricity, was translated into French, Italian, German, and Latin, and its authority admitted by all the philosophers of Europe. Honorary degrees were conferred on him by Yale College, in Connecticut, and Harvard Uni-

versity at Cambridge. He was appointed Post-Master-General, and rendered that department a source of profit to the country.

He was resorted to by General Braddock, for advice and assistance, when, in 1754, he made his unfortunate campaign, against the French and Indians, and three years after was appointed to proceed to England, to represent the interests of Pennsylvania, at the court of St. James. He remained there, six years, and, at his return, received the thanks of the legislature, for "important services done to that province in particular, and to America in general," with a compensation of five thousand pounds.

On a second visit to Great Britain, he passed over to Holland, Germany, and France. His fame had preceded him. He was received with high marks of honour, by philosophers and literary men, and presented to Louis the Fifteenth. He was himself an illustration of the truth of that passage from Proverbs, which his father had taught him, when a boy; "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings,—he shall not stand before mean men."

When disagreement commenced between Great Britain and her colonies, he, being in the mother-country, did all in his power to promote a reconciliation. Perceiving no prospect of success, he returned home in 1775, and the very day after his return, was elected member of Congress, for the State of Pennsylvania.

He became an earnest advocate for the independence of the United States, and at the close of the year 1776, was sent as their ambassador to the court

of France. His great personal influence there, arising from his reputation as a philosopher, he devoted with true and untiring patriotism, to the good of his beloved country ; and his negotiations, conducted with his characteristic prudence, were highly beneficial to its interests.

In the autumn of 1785, he returned to Philadelphia. His native country had taken her acknowledged seat among the nations, and the venerable statesman was received with affectionate gratitude. In his favourite philosophical studies, with occasional attention to public business, he passed his remaining years, cheerful and useful to the last.

In the sickness which terminated his life, he evinced the most entire resignation, acknowledging amid the severest pains, the goodness and justice of that Being who saw fit that he should be thus afflicted. He died on the 17th of April, 1790, having lived eighty-four years, and three months, happily to himself, and usefully to his country, and to mankind.

The principal traits in the character of Dr. Franklin, which made him distinguished, and which the young should imitate, were industry,—perseverance in improvement,—high sense of the value of time,—prudence,—honesty, and activity for the public good, united with that cheerful temper which made his intellect amiable, and his virtues lovely, to all around, even in extreme old age.

He is numbered among our most distinguished writers. His opinions are marked by philanthropy, and shrewd, good sense, and his style by clearness and simplicity. An almanac, which he commenced

at the age of twenty-five years, and continued to publish for the same period of time, contained much knowledge for the common people, and many wise precepts about economy of time and money. These with the title of the "Sayings of Poor Richard" were afterwards collected, and reprinted in Great Britain, and translated into French.

Here is some of his advice. "Sloth makes all things difficult; but Industry, all things easy. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster, than labour wears. He who rises late, may trot all day, yet scarce overtake his business at night. It is true, there is much to be done, and perhaps, you are weak-handed, but by diligence and patience, the mouse ate into the cable.

"Employ time well; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour. Yet depend not too much upon thine own industry, frugality, and prudence, though they are excellent things; for without the blessing of Heaven, they may be blasted. Therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those who at present seem to be without it, but comfort and help them.

"Nothing can contribute to true happiness, that is inconsistent with duty; nor can a course of action conformable to it, be finally without an ample reward. For God governs: and he is good. And you will never be without his direction, if you humbly ask it, and show yourself always ready to obey it."

THE LONGEST DAY.

FROM us, if every fleeting hour,
Improvement's boon may ask,
The longest day must surely claim,
The most important task.

But since the longest day must end,
The happiest life decay,
Let wisdom's hand, and wisdom's voice,
Direct our youthful way.

And when we rise, let morning's eye
Convey the lesson sweet,
And ere we sleep, an angel's sigh
The sacred rule repeat :

Patient to render good to all,
Within our bounded sphere,
The active deed, the grateful word,
The sympathizing tear :

To raise the heart to Him who gives
Our path with hope to shine,
Meekly receive the cup of joy,
Or tranquilly resign :

To let no fear disturb the breast,
No doubt obscure our sky,
Since Virtue cannot live unblest,
Or unrewarded die.

CHILDREN BRINGING WATER FROM A SPRING.

YE have found the wealth of the gushing spring,
Where the verdant branches meet,
And your simple vases have freely fill'd
With its sparkling waters sweet.

While watching, perchance, at the cottage door,
Your mother exults to see
Her beautiful ones, returning home
With their innocent smile of glee.

And when the heat of the noon is high,
Your father, amid his care,
Will lean on the top of his shining spade,
And bless the draught ye bear.

But ye are drinking of childhood's spring,
Whose bubbling waters clear,
Have never a poisonous weed to sting,
Or a dreg of guilt and fear.

Have ye heard of a spring that doth never fail,
'Mid the summer's parching heat?
Which Winter hath never had power to seal
Or to staunch with his icy feet?

Have ye heard of a fount that can cleanse the heart,
And peace to the lost restore?
Go seek for it now, in the dawn of your life,
And taste it, and thirst no more.

HON. ROGER SHERMAN.

ROGER SHERMAN, was the son of a farmer, and born in Newton, Massachusetts, April 19th, 1721. He received only such means of instruction, as the common, country schools afforded. Those schools more than a hundred years since, were far inferior to what they now are; so that his advantages to acquire an education, were exceedingly limited.

Neither was he able constantly to attend even the poor schools, to which he had access. The employments of agriculture, occupied him for a part of the year, during his boyhood; and, at a proper age, he was bound apprentice to a shoemaker. Yet amid a life of hard labour, he secured some time for the acquisition of knowledge.

Such was his zeal for mental improvement, that he used to fasten a book before him on his shoemaker's bench, and when there was a moment to spare from his work, fix his eyes upon it. While his hands were busy, he meditated on what he had read. Thus, he became a *careful, patient thinker*, and this is better than to read many books without reflection.

By his love of knowledge, and perseverance in overcoming obstacles, he made proficiency not only in arithmetic, geography, and the general principles of history, but in logic, philosophy, the higher

branches of mathematics, political economy, and theology. His conduct was under the guidance of rectitude, and morality, and in his heart was that "fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom."

He early made a profession of religion, and so subjected his whole conduct to its precepts, that he became eminent for self-control. He mentioned that in gaining the government of his passions, he was aided by the study of Dr. Watts' treatise on that subject ; and to the close of life, he was distinguished for the mildness, serenity, and sedateness, which he took such pains in youth, to acquire.

When he had reached the age of nineteen years, his father died, and the care of the family devolved on him. His filial virtues were strongly exemplified, in his constant attentions to the comfort of a mother, who lived to a great age. By his industry on the farm, as well as in his trade, he was enabled also to support a numerous family of brothers and sisters.

With his fraternal tenderness, he mingled the judgment of a father, in superintending the character of those, whom Providence had intrusted to his guidance, while he was himself so young. By rigid economy, and self-denial, he was enabled to secure for two of his brothers, those advantages of collegiate education, which he had never himself enjoyed.

At the age of twenty-two, he removed his mother and household, to New-Milford, and entered into the business of a country-merchant. With characteristic simplicity, he performed this journey on foot, taking care to have his shoemaker's tools, conveyed to his new home. Amid his close application to business, he still found time for scientific pursuits, and

made astronomical calculations for an almanac in New-York, which he supplied for several years.

Circumstances which seemed to him, like a direct intimation of duty, induced him to apply himself to legal studies. Success attended his indefatigable diligence, and he was soon appointed one of the justices of the court of common pleas, then, a judge of the superior court, and member of the senate, of his native state. After his removal to New-Haven, he held for many years, the office of treasurer to Yale College, and received from that institution, the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

His opinions as a lawyer, were received with great respect, and his conduct as a judge, was marked by uprightness, and strict adherence to the principles of justice. Higher honours still awaited him, and he was elected a member of the first Congress, in 1774, where he continued till his death, a period of nineteen years.

In the summer of 1776, he was appointed one of the five statesmen, who prepared the Declaration of Independence, for the United States. After the blessings of peace, had been vouchsafed to our country, he was chosen delegate to the General Convention, to whom the important work was committed of forming a constitution, for its permanent government.

In all these arduous labours, he sought the direction of the Almighty, and depended upon his blessing. In a letter to a friend, about this period, he says, "May that kind Providence, which guarded these States, through a dangerous and distressing

war, to peace and liberty, still watch over, and guide them in the way of safety."

He was elected to the Senate of the United States, and remained in that dignified body until his death. Here, and through the whole of his congressional life, his application to business was most persevering, and his clear judgment, rational opinions, and inflexible integrity of principle, won the respect and homage of all men.

From his extensive acquaintance with history, as well as his knowledge of human nature, he derived great aid, in the elevated sphere of duty which was appointed him. He was also eminently distinguished for good sense, and discretion, in all his words and deeds. "There is Mr. Sherman of Connecticut, who never said a foolish thing in his life," was the tribute of respect, paid him by one of the Presidents of the United States, as he pointed out to a stranger, some of the most eminent statesmen, in the hall of Congress.

Chief Justice Ellsworth, who resembled him in strength of intellect, high integrity of principle, and general structure of character, acknowledged that he had made him his model, from his youth. "*And this,*" said the elder President Adams, "*is praise enough for them both.*"

Though Mr. Sherman was elevated to some of the highest honours, which his country could bestow, he was never ashamed of the obscurity of his origin. During the revolutionary war, when the expenses of the army, were submitted to the inspection of Congress, he informed them, that in the contract for the supply of shoes, the charges were too high.

He then gave a particular statement of the cost of leather, other necessary materials, and workmanship, and demonstrated his assertion, beyond a doubt. The gentleman who attended with him, to this examination, being surprised at the minuteness of his knowledge, he replied, with frankness and pleasure, "I am by trade, a shoemaker."

He avoided show and extravagance of every kind, and was a consistent, and noble example of republican simplicity. Age did not impair his usefulness, and his venerable appearance was admired by all. He was a member of the Senate, at the time of his death, which took place July 23d, 1793, at the age of seventy-two, while he was in full possession of his powers of mind and body, and strong in the hope of the gospel which he loved.

His person was lofty, erect, and well-proportioned, and the expression of his countenance, manly and agreeable. He was twice married, first to Miss Elizabeth Hartwell, and afterwards to Miss Rebecca Prescott, both natives of Massachusetts, and was the father of fifteen children. In the domestic relations of son, and brother, husband, father, and friend, he was most kind and faithful. No public business, however pressing, led him to neglect those sacred, relative duties.

The principles of truth, and accountability to God, regulated all his conduct. *What is right?—what course ought I in conscience to pursue?*—were the questions he continually asked himself: and not "what is popular?—what will affect my interest?" Thus his integrity was never questioned, and he

dwelt always in the clear sunshine of a "conscience void of offence, towards God, and towards man."

The volume which he most loved and consulted, was the Sacred Scriptures. He was accustomed to purchase a new copy, at every session of Congress, —to read it daily, and to present it to one of his children, at his return home. How valuable must have been the volume, thus hallowed by his meditations and prayers. For the way in which Roger Sherman became great, and surely he was one of our greatest men, was by taking into his heart, in youth, the spirit and precepts of the Word of God.

DAVID'S ELEGY ON JONATHAN.

ONCE, as the exil'd David sadly rov'd
By Saul excluded from the land he lov'd,
And silent mus'd o'er memory's cherish'd scene,
His shepherd home, and native vallies green,
The simple joys that cheer'd his youthful view,
The constant friend, in every sorrow true,
And as his lonely heart, amid its pain,
Swell'd with new hope to taste those joys again,
A traveller came, whose brow was pale with dread,
Rent were his robes, and dust defil'd his head.

"I saw the battle on Gilboa's height,
Where Israel proudly urged her men of might,
Before the spear of Gath those legions fled,
Her king is slain,—her god-like prince is dead,
I saw their robes distain'd,"—he scarcely said,

And paus'd,—for sorrow shook the exile's frame,
Tears o'er his brow in rushing torrents came,
While on his trembling harp he breath'd his wo
With broken cadence, and in murmurs low.

Who, on those high and lonely cliffs shall save
The uncover'd ashes of the fallen brave ?
Who from their summits cleanse the fatal stain
Of royal strength, and manly beauty slain ?
O wounded Israel ! hide thy tears that flow,
Lest proud Philistia triumph in thy wo,
Lest list'ning Gath should taunt thy mourning train,
Or haughty Ekron revel in thy pain.

And ye Gilboa's mountains stern and rude,
Whose guilty cliffs received the royal blood,
Who saw remorseless on the battle day
The shield from God's anointed torn away,
Raise not your brows, the dews of heaven to taste,
Let no kind shower refresh your parching waste,
No purifying stream for you be spilt,
Nor sacred offerings expiate your guilt.

In the dire contest, on the field of might,
How bold were they who now lie wrapt in night !
The prince's bow,—what mortal force could stay !
The monarch's sword what valour turn away !
Like eagles swift, their dauntless course was run,
In life united, and in death but one.

Oh ! lift o'er fallen Saul, the tearful eye
Ye Jewish dames,—whose robes in splendour vie,
He gave those robes with glitt'ring pomp to shine,
And in his tomb your treasur'd joys decline,

How are the mighty fallen, in danger's hour,
Though girt with strength, and doubly armed in power;
On their own lands their mingled blood was shed,
And vanquish'd legions bow'd the astonish'd head.

But Oh! my soul is sad,—my tears descend
For thee, my more than brother, more than friend?
Long tried and firm, was thy attachment kind,
Than friendship warmer, more than love refin'd,
What shall I say?—for ill these tones express
Thy lost affection or my deep distress.
—How are the mighty fallen! how turn'd away
The dauntless sword in war's disastrous day!"

THE SEA-BOY.

"Up the main-top-mast, ho!"

The storm was loud,
And the deep midnight muffled up her head,
Leaving no ray.

By the red binnacle,
I saw the sea-boy. His young cheek was pale,
And his lips trembled. But he dar'd not hear
That hoarse command repeated. So he sprang,
With slender foot amid the slippery shrouds.

He, oft by moonlight watch, had lur'd my ear,
With everlasting stories of his home,
And of his mother. His fair brow told tales

Of household kisses, and of gentle hands
That bound it when it ached, and laid it down
On the soft pillow, with a curtaining care.

And he had sometimes spoken of the cheer
That waited him, when, wearied from his school,
At winter's eve, he came. Then, he would pause,
For his high beating bosom threw a chain
O'er his proud lips, or else he would have sigh'd,
In deep remorse, for leaving such a home.

And he would haste away, and pace the deck,
More rapidly, as if to hide from me,
The gushing tear. I mark'd the inward strife
Unquestioning, save by a silent prayer
That the tear wrung so bitterly, might work
The sea-boy's good, and wash away all trace
Of disobedience. Now, the same big tear
Hung like a pearl upon him, as he climb'd,
And grappled to the mast.

I watch'd his toil,
With strange foreboding, till he seem'd a speck
Upon the ebon bosom of the cloud.
And I remember'd that he once had said,
"I fear I shall not see my home again."
And sad the memory of those mournful words,
Dwelt with me, as he pass'd above my sight,
Into thick darkness.

The wild blast swept on.
The strong ship toss'd.

Shuddering, I heard a plunge,
A heavy plunge,—a gurgling 'mid the wave.
I shouted to the crew. *In vain! In vain!*

The ship held on her way. And never more
Shall that poor, delicate sea-boy raise his head,
To do the bidding of those roughen'd men,
Whose home is on the sea.

And never more
May his fond mother strain him to her breast,
Weeping that hardship thus should bronze the brow,
To her so beautiful, nor the kind sire
Make glad by his forgiveness, the rash youth
Who wander'd from his home, to throw the wealth
Of his warm feelings on the faithless sea.

REV. JOHN FREDERIC OBERLIN.

JOHN FREDERIC OBERLIN, was born August 31st, 1740, at Strasburg, in Germany. Kindness and gentleness of temper, were visible in his infancy ; and in his childhood, he showed that disposition to do good to others, which distinguished his maturity, and remained with him, until the close of life.

The small sums of money, which were given him by his father, who was poor, he carefully laid by, but not for himself. It was his pleasure to seek out, and relieve sickness and want. Sometimes, when a bill was brought to his father, he would steadfastly watch his countenance, and if he saw it troubled, and imagined that he had not enough to pay the demand, he would run for his little box, and empty it, with joy, into his father's hand.

Piety continued to grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength. His choice was to become a minister of the gospel. At the age of twenty, he became the pastor of Waldbach, a parish situated among the high mountains, which divide France from Germany. This region, is called by the French, *ban de la roche*, or the *district of the rock*, and by the Germans, *steinthal*, or the *valley of stone*.

The sterility of this spot, is in accordance with the names that have been given it. Winter begins there, in September, and seldom are the snows melted by June. The inhabitants found it difficult to obtain by tillage, enough for their subsistence, and their ignorance equalled their poverty.

The predecessor of Oberlin, had endeavoured to raise the character of their schools. He found that one of their best ones, had been kept in a miserable cottage, by a wretched old man, who said with great simplicity, that his business had been that of a swine-herd, but that when he became unfit for that work, they had employed him to teach the children.

To this people, Oberlin went, following the footsteps of His Divine Master, who pleased not himself, but came to seek and to save the lost. His zealous endeavours, to raise their condition, and reform their habits, were at first misunderstood, and so far from awakening gratitude, led to abuse and persecution.

But he was neither daunted or discouraged. Having been informed that some of the disaffected ones, intended him personal violence, he preached from that passage of our Saviour's sermon on the mount, "I say unto you, that ye resist not evil." While the conspirators were ridiculing the sermon, and

wondering if he would behave as he had advised others to do, he suddenly appeared among them.

"Here am I, my friends!" he said, with perfect calmness. "You are wishing to do me some harm. Is it not better that I should thus give myself up to you, than that you should be guilty of the meanness of lying in wait to take me?" Awed by his dignity and piety, they acknowledged their evil designs, and entreated his pardon. He freely forgave them, and they were in future, his friends.

He showed the same moral courage, when a boy. In the streets of Strasburg, he once saw an unfeeling officer, abusing a sick beggar. Going boldly between them, he reproved the tyrannical man, who being very angry, would have seized him. But the neighbours who loved the child, gathering round, protected him, and rescued the beggar.

Afterwards, passing in a narrow and lonely way, he saw the same officer approaching him. "Now, thought the boy, perhaps he will punish me. Shall I attempt to escape? No, I did my duty to the poor man. God is with me. Why should I fear?" The officer, who had so lately threatened him, passed by, and did him no harm. True piety was the foundation of his courage.

The same holy principle led him to persevere in improving the condition and character of his poor parishioners. He found the roads among them, so exceedingly bad, that intercourse between the hamlets, was both difficult and dangerous. He induced them to break rocks, and build a wall of considerable length, on one side of their mountain-road, to

keep the earth and stones, from being washed into the vale below.

He told them they must build a bridge, over a river, they had always been accustomed to ford. "How can these things be done!" they exclaimed. "Come and see," said Oberlin. Taking a pick-axe, and other implements, he set them an example of their use. When they beheld him, selecting the most difficult work for himself, they willingly exerted themselves, and the industry which he taught them, was a new bond of affection.

Soon, a neat bridge was constructed, and a good road opened, from Waldbach to Strasburg, which was also extended to each of the five hamlets, or little villages, where he ministered. The force of his religious instructions was not impaired by his efforts to make them comfortable, but, on the contrary, his influence extended and deepened, through these proofs of his love.

He found them deficient in many of the mechanic arts, which seem necessary to civilization. There were neither blacksmiths to furnish tools for the labourer, nor masons to build chimneys to their houses. He procured several youths to be sent to Strasburg, as apprentices, who, when they had obtained their respective trades, returned, and became teachers of others.

His people, had lived in hovels, built of rocks, against the sides of the mountain, without cellars, or chimneys. He taught them how to build neat and commodious cottages, to make gardens, to rear vegetables, to plant fruit-trees. Soon, this desolate region, as if by magic, was adorned with pleasant

habitations, each surrounded by its little orchard and garden.

Amid all these labours, the pastor remitted not his care, for the souls of his people. Especially, were the interests of education, dear to him. He instructed such promising young people, as were willing to become teachers, and caused school-houses to be built in each of the five little hamlets.

Perceiving that while the older children were engaged in their studies, the little ones lost much of their time, he collected them together, and had lessons adapted to their comprehension. His wife, joining her exertions with his, procured two female teachers for each school; one taught lessons from books, and the other, to spin, to knit, and to sew; that useful employment, and intellectual knowledge, might advance hand in hand.

When the pupils were wearied with work, or study, the kind teachers told them stories from the Scriptures, or showed them drawings of animals and plants, explaining their nature and uses. On one day of each week, the scholars assembled, and their good pastor examined them in their different lessons, and added his own instructions. Joy beamed on their faces, when he came among them; and they called him their father, or sometimes in their affectionate manner, "our dear papa, Oberlin."

He sometimes distributed books among them, as rewards, or lent them, requiring an account of their contents, when they were returned. Every Sabbath, also, he collected the children in the church, heard them recite their Bible lessons, and sing hymns, and

gave them paternal, religious instruction, with unwearied tenderness.

Thus in the secluded region of the Ban de la Roche, we perceive the institution of Infant Schools, Norman Schools, Sabbath Schools, and Sabbath School Libraries, all originating in the active benevolence of one man ; and he unprompted and uncheered by intercourse with the philanthropic spirits, who afterwards diffused those blessings, over Europe and America.

In the year 1784, when Mr. Oberlin was more than forty years old, he was afflicted by the death of his excellent wife, who had been his helper in these efforts to do good. Though deeply mourning, he bowed himself to the Divine Will. He praised God for the holy life she had been enabled to lead, and for the faith that now taught him, that she was happy in Heaven.

He had received into his family, a young girl to bring up. After the death of Mrs. Oberlin, she extended to her seven motherless children, the care and tenderness, which she had herself received. She engaged in the same works of charity, which she had seen performed, and with the most disinterested zeal, took charge of the pastor's house, refusing to receive any compensation for many years of service.

It would seem that Oberlin's people, strove to imitate his virtues. Their sympathy for orphans was peculiarly conspicuous. When a poor family were thus bereaved, there was always some one ready to receive them. Some households had two or three orphans, maintained like their own children. One

poor woman, supported ten by her labour. Their religion taught them, that such charities were acceptable to God.

During the distresses of the French Revolution, many fled to these remote villages, and Mr. Oberlin received them into his house, until they could find other refuge. His home, though simply furnished, was the abode of comfort and happiness. No luxuries were seen upon his table, but his plain fare was shared with others, in free and true hospitality.

Every thing in his house and about his grounds was neat, and in order. The walls of his apartments, were covered with maps and drawings of Natural History. Appropriate texts of Scripture, were placed over the several doors. At the entrance of the dining room was written, "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

He encouraged his people to be constantly industrious. Through his agency, they were taught to spin cotton, to dye cloth, to plait straw, and to weave ribands. So prevalent was his example, and influence, that scarcely an idle person, or a beggar was seen among them.

He not only instructed them in agriculture, horticulture, and the mechanic arts, and was their pastor and school-master, but their physician also. Early in life he had devoted considerable time to the study of the theory of medicine, and now he patiently climbed the steepest mountains, in the night, as well as the day, and at all seasons of the year, to visit and prescribe for the sick.

These services made him most dear to the people.

Nor did he forget to preserve their regard, by his affectionate manners. He never met either man or woman among them, without taking off his hat, and saying some words of kindness. Every child he took by the hand, and showed some little mark of attention, adding often some pleasant advice.

His own fine manners, were imitated by his people; so that from having been rude and uncouth, they became insensibly gentle and courteous. It was remarked by strangers who visited them, that though very poor, they were exceedingly polite and happy.

They sought in every way, to express their gratitude to their beloved pastor. On one occasion, a son of his, who was travelling in France, in the service of the Bible Society, was taken sick. He desired to reach home, that he might die there, but he could only get within nine miles of his father's house.

Twelve of the villagers, set out to bring him those nine miles on a litter. But finding that he was not able to bear the open air, they placed him in a covered carriage, and as they went slowly along, removed every stone from before it, that no rude motion of the wheels, might disturb the sufferer. His death was peaceful and happy, and they mingled their tears with those of the father, with the most affecting sympathy.

The five villages, to whom Mr. Oberlin ministered, were considerably distant from each other. He therefore preached in each by turns. As he kept no horse, an inhabitant of the parish where he was to officiate, brought one for him every Sabbath morn-

ing. He took his dinner, with some one of the families, and then conversed with every grown person and child belonging to it, on the great concerns of their soul.

In his sermons, there was an affecting eloquence, and a striking adaptation to the wants of his people, for he was intimately acquainted with all. He usually preached in French, because this language was spoken by the majority of his parishioners. But on every Friday evening, he had service in German, as there were some, who understood it better than French.

This service was of a most sweet and paternal character. After some explanation of a portion of Scripture, he would say, "My children, are you weary?" They almost invariably replied, that they desired to hear more. The females brought their knitting-work, for it did not interrupt their attention, and he loved to see them usefully employed.

The eyes of the people sparkled with delight, when they saw their good minister. He was as a guardian spirit watching over them, and guiding them both for this world, and the next. In his instructions to the young, in Natural History, he was careful to inculcate a knowledge of the nature of plants, and a love of flowers, as a means of softening and refining the character.

He taught them to cultivate in their gardens, many wild plants from the woods, and also to draw and paint flowers. Some of his pupils marked their affectionate remembrance of his seventieth birth-day, by gifts of beautiful wreaths and garlands. He ex-

pressed his thanks in a pious, paternal letter, in which he says,

“The beautiful flowers with which the Great Creator has adorned our country, gave you the means of presenting me with this token of your united love. These sweet garlands will soon fade, but I shall never forget the happy feelings they have awakened ; and I earnestly pray that you may become unfading flowers in the Paradise of God.”

He lived in the simplest manner, that he might have the more to give to those who needed. A visitor to his house, found there four or five families, who had lost their habitations by fire ; to whom he was distributing food, clothing, utensils of industry, and pictures for the instruction of their children.

“His family,” said an English traveller, “do not have as good or delicate food on their table, as our poor people in England ; but they are the happiest Christians, and it is delightful to be here. He treats the poorest, even the children, with affection and respect. It is wonderful to see how changed they all are, since he came among them. They were then very barbarous, but now are gentle and polite, and their good minister, though now more than eighty, is one of the handsomest men I ever saw.”

Notwithstanding his great age, he continued to instruct and labour for his people, and when he was no longer able to preach, he bore them day and night on his prayers. His last sickness, was short. He said, “Lord Jesus, take me speedily: nevertheless, thy will be done.” A few hours before his death, he joined in an act of devotion, his hands clasped, and his heaven-raised countenance, beaming with faith and love.

He died on the 1st day of June, 1826, at the age of eighty-six, having lived in his parish of Waldbach, more than sixty years. The grief of his people was affecting. From every part of that rocky district, they gathered in the midst of a heavy rain, to gaze on the lifeless remains of their pastor, and their friend.

The funeral procession stretched from the door of his house, to the mouth of his sepulchre, a distance of two miles. Every cottage poured out its inhabitants, and the children of the schools, walked two and two, chanting mournful hymns. They paused at the church, in whose burial-ground he was to be laid, and a minister ascending the pulpit, read from a paper, the farewell-address of their venerated sire.

We have room for only a few of his parting words: "O my dear parish! God will not forsake thee. Only cleave thou unto Him. Forget thou my name, if thou wilt, but remember that of Jesus Christ, whom I have preached to thee. O friends! pray, that you may become the beloved sheep of his pasture. Dedicate yourselves to him.

"Adieu, dear friends, adieu! I have loved you much. God reward you for your services, your good deeds, the respect and obedience which you have shown to me, his poor, unworthy servant. O my God, Let thine eye watch over this dear people. Let thine ear hear their prayers. Let thine arm be extended, to help and protect them. And grant that young and old, teachers and scholars, ministers and people, may all in due time, meet together in thy paradise."

The grave was dug beneath the shade of a droop-

ing willow. Great was the weeping, when the body of the beloved pastor was let down into its silent depths, and when they realized that they should see his face no more. Then they treasured up with earnest affection, the words he had spoken to them, and the prayer rose up from every cottage home, as from a bereaved household, that they might be re-united with him, at the resurrection of the just.

FIRST WINTER MORNING.

Awake, and let the tuneful lay,
With joy to Heaven's high palace rise,
Ere the rejoicing King of Day,
Returns to light the glowing skies,
While o'er the hillocks' ice-wrapt heads,
Refulgent steals his golden hue,
And wreathing smoke, aspiring spreads,
In curling volumes, light and blue.
Great Giver of our fleeting days,
The changeful year is full of Thee,
Each opening season speaks thy praise,
And so, with grateful heart, should we.
Deep lies the snow, o'er dale and brake,
Our bright fire sparkles on the hearth,
And laughter from the neighbouring lake,
Proclaims the graceful skater's mirth.

Yet think of those in lowly shed,
By pining penury darkly prest,
For whom no blazing fire is fed,
No cheering board with plenty drest.

Oh, haste to seek and save the lost,
Raise the warm prayer to Him above,
So Winter with its links of frost,
Shall bind thee to a God of love.

Fall'n are the flowers that deck'd our path,
The birds of summer-song are fled,
And 'neath the bitter tempest's wrath,
The groves lie desolate and dead.

From my lov'd plants, now icy cold,
I hear a voice of warning gloom,
"In us the mournful fate behold,
That darkly waits on youthful bloom."

But when those charms so bright and frail,
Must shrink, and wither, and decay,
Say, is there naught to countervail,
The good that time shall take away?

Is there no joy to light the eye,
When beauty, youth, and health, are past?
When all our earthly pleasures fly,
Like leaves before the wintry blast?

There is a joy that checks the throng,
Of chilling care, and sorrow's shock,
That strikes an anchor deep and strong,
In Heaven's imperishable rock.

Grant me this joy, and when my soul,
 Her farewell to the world shall sigh,
 When unknown seas around me roll,
 And toss their deathful billows high,
 When to yon wintry hills afar,
 To all of earth, these eyes are dim,
 The lustre of my Saviour's star,
 Shall clearly mark my way to Him.

ON THE ADMISSION OF MICHIGAN INTO THE UNION.

Come in, little sister, so healthful and fair,
 Come take in our father's best parlour a share,
 You've been long enough at the nurse's, I trow,
 Where the angry lakes roar, and the northern winds
 blow ;

Come in, we've a pretty large household, 'tis true,
 But the twenty-five children can make room for you.

A present, I see, for our sire you have brought,
 His dessert to embellish, how kind was the thought ;
 A treat of ripe berries, both crimson and blue,
 And wild flowers to stick in his button-hole too,
 The rose from your prairie, the nuts from your tree,
 What a good little sister, come hither to me.

You've a dowry besides, very cunningly stor'd,
 To fill a nice cupboard, or spread a broad board,

Detroit, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbour, and more,
For the youngest, methinks, quite a plentiful store,
You're a prog, I perceive, it is true to the letter,
And your sharp Yankee sisters will like you the better.

But where are your Indians, so feeble and few ?
So fall'n from the heights where their forefather's
grew ?

From the forests they fade, o'er the waters that bore,
The names of their baptism, they venture no more.
O soothe their sad hearts, ere they vanish afar,
Nor quench the faint beam of their westering star.

Those ladies who sit on the sofa so high,
Are the stateliest dames of our family,
Your thirteen old sisters, don't treat them with scorn,
They were notable spinsters before you was born,
Many stories they know, most instructive to hear,
Go, make them a curtsy, 'twill please them my dear.

They can teach you the names of those great ones to
spell,
Who stood at the helm, when the war-tempest fell,
They will show you the writing, that gleam'd to the
sky,

In the year seventy-six, on the fourth of July ;
When the flash of the Bunker-Hill flame was red,
And the blood gush'd forth from the breast of the dead.

There are some who may call them both proud and old,
And say they usurp what they cannot hold ;
Perhaps, their bright locks have a sprinkle of grey,
But then, little Michy, don't hint it, I pray ;
For they'll give you a frown, or a box on the ear,
Or send you to stand in the corner, I fear.

They, indeed, bore the burden and heat of the day,
But you've as good right to your penny as they ;
Though the price of our freedom, they better have
 known,
Since they paid for it, out of their purses alone,
Yet a portion belongs to the youngest, I ween,
So, hold up your head with the "Old Thirteen."

THE STORM AT SEA.

THE good ship o'er the Ocean
Glides on, while skies are bright,
And rolling waves, right merrily
Propel her homeward flight.

But clouds and angry tempests,
Rush from their prison cell,
The rocky coast frowns dark and dread,
The wintry surges swell.

'Tis night.—Amid the breakers,
The headlong vessel goes,
And groaning, like a wounded man
Strives with its vengeful foes.

Pale grows the boldest mariner,
For scarce the trumpet's cry,
Is heard amid contending blasts
That shake the astonish'd sky.

How fearful is the tumult,
The cry, the shriek, the prayer,
Are mingled with the deaf'ning storm,
In echoes of despair.

But in the lonely cabin
Rock'd by the raging sea,
There calmly sat a beauteous boy,
Upon his mother's knee ;

He sang a hymn of heaven,
Then spoke so sweetly mild,
"The Bible saith our Saviour dear
Doth love the little child,—

It telleth of a happy home,
Above the stormy sky,
Mother !—He'll take us there to dwell
We're not afraid to die."

His smile was pure and peaceful,
As the pearl beneath the deep,—
When the booming battle-thunders
Across its bosom sweep.

Hoarse came the words of horror
From men of sinful life,
While innocence, with soul serene
Beheld the appalling strife.

Morn ! Morn !—The clouds are breaking,
The tempest's wrath is o'er,
The shatter'd bark moves heavily
To reach the welcome shore.

Hush'd is the voice of thunder,
And quell'd the lightning's flame,
For prayer had touch'd the gate of Heaven,
And answer'ng mercy came.

HON. STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER.

STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER, was born in the city of New York, on the first day of November, 1764. He inherited an estate, or manor, anciently purchased of the Indians, by the Dutch government, afterwards confirmed by the charters of two English sovereigns, and retained in his family for five generations. Its original colonial extent, was forty-eight miles in length and twenty-four, in breadth, divided centrally, by the waters of the majestic Hudson.

With this inheritance, was connected the title of "Patroon," a word derived from the Latin *Patronus*, or *Patrician*, and signifying in modern times, the proprietor of a large domain, occupied by tenantry, and involving peculiar privileges. But by our revolution, the degree of jurisdiction formerly belonging to it, was made to conform in all respects to the nature of a republic ; so that it has since implied only the possession of a vast estate, without any of those baronial powers, which two hundred years since, belonged to the patroons, or lords of the manor, of Rensselaerwyck.

The subject of this sketch, always rejoiced in that change of government, which, though it stripped him of those distinctions of high rank, to which he was born, elevated a whole nation to the blessings of freedom. His disinterestedness led him to rejoice in the good of others, and instead of clinging to any vestige of aristocracy, he was an advocate, and example of republican plainness and simplicity.

Being deprived of his father, at the age of four years, the formation of his character devolved on his mother, a lady of uncommon talents and piety. She was the daughter of the Hon. Philip Livingston, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. On her second marriage, with the Rev. Dr. Westerlo, of Albany, the young Patroon, then ten years of age, became a resident of that city, and profited by the kind regard, and christian example, of that good divine.

But especially was he indebted to his maternal guide, for the hallowed precepts which were early incorporated with his character. She impressed on him those stated habits of devotion, which he preserved unimpaired through life. She induced him in childhood, to read religious books; and not long before his death, when recounting his obligations to her, he blessed God with tears, for her care over him, in this respect; mentioning among the volumes placed by her in his hands, Baxter's Saint's Rest, as one which had promoted his progress in piety.

His love for his mother was ardent, and he ever spoke of her instructions with gratitude. So precious did he consider every memorial of her, that a manual of devotion, which she had taught him to employ

in his boyhood, he continued to use till his dying day, valuing the worn copy on which her hand had rested, more than the most splendid volumes. The mourning-ring, enclosing her hair, he wore constantly on his finger, after her death, and directed that it should be buried with him.

When old enough to prepare for college, he was placed under the care of the Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, of Princeton, New-Jersey, performing the journey from Albany thither, on horseback. After two years of study, he entered Nassau Hall, but as that part of New Jersey was involved in the struggles of war, he removed to the University of Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he was graduated with honour, at the age of eighteen.

He was early elected to the legislature, and to the senate of New York ; to the convention appointed to consider and revise the constitution ; and to the office of Lieutenant-Governor. He occupied a seat in Congress, for several years, where his clear judgment, and incorruptible principles won for him universal respect.

He was ardent and active in every important effort to develop the rich resources of his native state ; and held the offices of President of the Canal Board, and Chancellor of the University of New York. Though proverbially in his temper and habits, a man of peace, yet when required by his station, in the last war with Great Britain, to command on the Niagara frontier, he subjected his feelings to his duty, and with true patriotism, was faithful in all things.

The integrity and lofty principle displayed in his

high public stations, was not surpassed by the beauty of his character in private life. His first wife was the daughter of Gen. Philip Schuyler, so well known in the history of our revolution. His second wife was the daughter of the Hon. William Patterson, of New Jersey, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. He was eminently happy in his domestic connections, and was the father of a numerous family. Ten children survive him, bearing witness to his untiring efforts for their good, both temporal and eternal.

Amiable affections in the most intimate relations of life, and benignity of disposition towards all with whom he associated, were striking traits in his character. He loved the young, and delighted to make them happy; not happy through improper indulgence, but in the paths of cheerful duty.

Surrounded by almost princely affluence, he escaped the dangers which it too often brings. Selfishness and haughtiness, had in him no place. Perfectly simple and unostentatious in his manners, he regarded the feelings of the poorest and most obscure. An instinctive delicacy guided him in the bestowment of his gifts, and humility was the garment in which all his virtues arrayed themselves.

His mind was of quick perception, and endued with that clear good sense, which is a safer guide amid the conflicting interests of mankind, than the most brilliant imagination. Though his mildness of temper led him to avoid contention, yet he was firm in maintaining just opinions, and the purity of his motives was never questioned.

Convinced of the importance of agriculture, with

its habits of industry, and morality, to the welfare of a republic, he did all in his power, to encourage and bring it into respect. Immediately after receiving his patrimony, by letting out his lands to farmers, on very easy terms, he succeeded in bringing almost the whole counties of Albany and Rensselaer, into cultivation.

Though the low rents, thus early established, caused the income from his lands not to exceed two, and sometimes one per cent., on a very moderate estimate of their value, still as this was more than sufficient for his expenses, and his very liberal charities, he did not attempt to increase the amount derived from his tenants. While wealth is an object of such restless, and often sinful pursuit, how beautiful the example of a man rising superior to the grasping love of gain, and seeking nobler pleasures than those of accumulation.

His regard for the interests of education, proved him a true patriot, and philanthropist. The extent of his liberality, in diffusing the blessings of knowledge, it is impossible to compute, for he ever strove, according to the rule of the Gospel, to connect his bounties with secrecy. Yet all these sacred charities could not be concealed. The many young men, who were indebted to him for their education, remember to speak of their benefactor.

He was long accustomed to send school-masters among the poorer portions of his tenantry, as if they had been his own family. Perceiving it to be desirable that the qualifications of teachers should be increased, he determined to found an institution which should impart instruction in the sciences, as

they are applicable to the business of common life.

He proceeded in 1824, to the organization of what is now known as the "Rensselaer Institute," provided a suitable building, a library, an apparatus, and endowed the professorships with liberal salaries. Not content with the yearly expenditure of large sums, in this school, he invited each county in the State of New York, to send him one student to instruct; and in the course of three years, this large number of persons, went forth, with a complete practical education, the priceless gift of their patron.

During the fourteen years, since this institute was established, numbers of teachers, have been there fitted, to confer benefits on the community. Many of these, have entered the active departments of science, as geologists, engineers, chemists and naturalists. Had Mr. Van Rensselaer performed no other act of munificence, this alone, would entitle him to a high rank among the benefactors of mankind.

His general benevolence was proverbial. From its fountain in his own heart, it flowed forth, continually enlarging its circle, until it embraced the whole of the human family, whom it was in his power to aid. The humblest sufferer within the range of his walks, as well as the institutions of learning throughout the land, churches and charitable societies of every denomination, and the benighted heathen of another hemisphere, all participated in his bounty.

He sought in his alms-giving, not to be seen, or praised of men. Yet to the close of life, his liber-

ality knew no limit. Just before his decease, he summoned his agent to his chamber, and remarking on the severity of the winter, bade him go, and search out all who were in want, and give them what they might need.

He held his ample fortune, as in stewardship for his Divine Master, taking his own share with great moderation, and indulging in no luxury save that of doing good. It must be evident that such a character, could not be formed, without the aid of piety. This was at once its foundation, and its crown.

He early turned aside from the allurements of the world, and made a profession of the Christian religion. For more than half a century, its saintly spirit shone forth in his life and conversation, and in the strict performance of all its enjoined duties. He was a regular and serious student of the Sacred Volume. He could adopt the expression of the Psalmist, "Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee."

It was his custom to read the Bible through, once every year. Even to the latest period of his life, he spent an hour or more, every morning, in its perusal; and in the winter, rose so early as to study its pages by candle-light. Many parts of it were impressed on his memory, and in the chamber of languor and decline, it was his constant companion.

He led a life of prayer. He retired three times a day, for secret communion with his Father in Heaven. With his family, he performed a daily service of humble and solemn devotion. This prayerful spirit, sustained and guided him, in all the duties and changes of life.

He cherished deep reverence for the Sabbath, and strove by his faithful instructions, to impress it on his household. Before the public services, all were called to read the Scriptures, and after church, which he punctually attended, his children were required to repeat to him, the commandments, the catechism, and such hymns as they had committed to memory.

“How much cause for gratitude,” writes one of his sons, “is there, in having so long enjoyed the kind counsel, and sweet society of such a father. The separation is painful, beyond the power of language to express. But it is consoling to reflect, that the change was most happy for him. It may with truth be said of him, ‘Mark the perfect man and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.’”

His death was most tranquil and happy. Sickness had given him warning, so that he stood ready for the call of his Lord. On the morning of the last day of his life, he read in a devotional book, a meditation on death, and marked in his Bible, that passage so beautifully descriptive of heaven, “the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick.”

Probably he thought not then, that he was so near entering into his rest, as his health had for some time appeared better. But suddenly, he was summoned, and so gentle was the flight of his spirit, that the eyes of watching love which were bent upon him, knew not the moment when it was disengaged from clay. He died on Saturday, January 26th, 1839, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

“It was on four o’clock of the afternoon, of that

day," says one of his eloquent biographers, "a day which had dawned with as fair a promise of closing on him in life, as any, perhaps, which he had seen for the last two years, that in a small cabinet of his ample mansion, which his infirmities had made his chief asylum, and sanctuary for many months, sitting in his chair, with just warning enough to convey the intimation to his own mind, that his hour had come, without enough of previous change seriously to alarm the fears of anxious, watchful and trembling hearts around him, the venerable man bowed his head and died."

It has been said that to bear prosperity unhurt, is far greater merit than to struggle with adverse fortune. Yet here we have the example of one, cradled in affluence, living always in the smile of the world, still untouched by the pride of wealth, humble, unassuming, unrelaxed in moral discipline, exhibiting every public and private virtue, with "simplicity and godly sincerity."

In this beautifully consistent character, let the young see the power of religion. For it was this which preserved him amid all the temptations of prosperity, in the "meekness of wisdom." It was this which prompted him to make his great wealth the instrument of extended benevolence, girded him to walk in the paths of honour, with a stainless name, and strengthened him to resign the joys of earth, with the clear hope of a blessed immortality.

NEW-YEAR'S MORNING.

WAKE, dear ones, 'tis the New-Year's morn,
And many a wish for you is born,
And many a prayer, of spirit true
Breaks from paternal lips for you.

No more the vales with daisies glow,
The violets sleep, beneath the snow,
The rose her radiant robes doth fold
And hides her buds from winter's cold.

But Spring, with gentle smile shall call
Up from their beds, those slumberers all
Fresh verdure o'er your path shall swell,
The brook its tuneful story tell,
And graceful flowers, with varied bloom,
Again your garden's bound perfume.

Ye are our buds; and in your breast
The promise of our hope doth rest.

When knowledge, like the breath of Spring,
Shall wake your minds to blossoming,
May their unfolding germs disclose,
More than the fragrance of the rose,
More than the brightness of the stream
That through green shades, with sparkling gleam
In peace and purity doth glide
On to the Ocean's mighty tide.

The country too, which gave you birth,
That freest, happiest clime on earth,
To all, to each, with fervour cries,
“Oh for my sake, be good, be wise,
Seek knowledge, and with studious pain,
Resolve, her priceless gold to gain.

Shun the strong cup, whose poisonous tide
To ruin's dark abyss, doth guide,
And with the sons of virtue stand,
The bulwark of your native land.

Me would you serve? This day begin
The fear of God, the dread of sin;
Love, for instruction's watchful care,
The patient task, the nightly prayer;
So shall you glitter as a gem,
Bound in my brightest diadem.”

THE CHAIR OF UNCAS.

In the neighbourhood of Mohegan, Connecticut, is a rude recess, and a rocky seat, still bearing the name of the *Chair of Uncas*, where that king sat, when his fort was besieged by the Narragansetts, anxiously watching the river for the supplies of food, which the whites had promised to send to his famishing people. They at length arrived, in a large canoe, under the covert of midnight, and saved his tribe from perishing by famine.

THE monarch sat on his rocky throne,
Beneath him the waters lay,
His guards were the shapeless columns of stone,
Their lofty helmets with moss o'ergrown,
And their spears of the bracken grey.

His lamps were the fickle stars that beam'd,
Through the vale of their midnight shroud,
And the redd'ning flashes that fitfully gleam'd,
When the distant fires of the war-dance stream'd,
Where his foes in frantic revel scream'd,
'Neath their canopy of cloud.

Say ! why was his glance so restless and keen,
As it fell on the waveless tide ?
And why, 'mid the gloom of that silent scene,
Did the sigh heave his warlike bosom's screen,
And bow that front of pride ?

Behind him his leaguer'd forces lay,
Withering in famine's blight,
And he knew with the blush of the morning ray,
That Philip would summon his fierce array,
On the core of the warrior's heart to prey,
And quench a nation's light.

It comes ! It comes ! that misty speck,
Which over the waters moves !
It boasts not sail, nor mast, nor deck,
Yet dearer to him was that noteless wreck,
Than the maid to him who loves.

It bears to the warrior's nerveless arm,
The might of a victor's aim,
Its freight is a spell whose mystic charm,
Shall protect the tottering sire from harm,
And the helpless babe, whose life-blood warm,
Was to hiss in the wigwams flame.

The eye of the king with that lightning blaz'd,
Which the soul in its rapture sends ;
His prayer to the Spirit of God he rais'd,
And the shades of his buried fathers prais'd,
As toward his fort he wends.

That king hath gone to his lowly grave !
He slumbers in dark decay ;
And like the crest of the tossing wave,
Like the rush of the blast from the mountain cave
Like the groan of the murder'd, with none to save,
His people have pass'd away.

The king is gone ! but his chair of stone,
Still rests on its rugged base,
Around it the thorn-tree, and thicket have grown,
And none save the blasts thro' their branches that moan,
Sigh over his fallen race.

THE CROP OF ACORNS.

THERE came a man, in days of old,
To hire a piece of land, for gold,
And urg'd his suit in accents meek,
“ *One crop alone*, is all I seek,
That harvest o'er, my claim I yield,
And back to you resign the field.”

The owner, some misgiving felt,
And coldly with the stranger dealt,

But found at length his reasons fail,
And honied eloquence prevail,
So took the proffer'd price in hand,
And for *one crop*, leas'd out the land.

The wily tenant sneer'd with pride,
And sow'd the soil with acorns wide,
At first, like tiny shoots they grew,
Then broad and wide, their branches threw,
But long before those oaks sublime
Aspiring reach'd their forest prime,
The cheated landlord mould'ring lay
Forgotten with his kindred clay.

Oh ye, whose years unfolding fair,
Are fresh with youth and free from care,
Should vice or indolence desire
The garden of your soul to hire,
No parley hold,—reject their suit,
Nor let one seed the soil pollute.

My son, their first approach beware,
With firmness break the insidious snare,
Lest, as the acorns grew and throve
Into a sun-excluding grove,
Thy sins, a dark, o'ershadowing tree,
Shut out the light of heaven from thee.

THE DOVES.

A SEA-KING on the Danish shore,
When the old time went by,
Launch'd his rude ship for reckless deeds,
Beneath a foreign sky.

And oft on Albion's richer coast,
Where Saxon Harold reign'd,
With a fierce foe's marauding hate,
Wild warfare he maintain'd.

From hamlet-nook, and humble vale,
Their wealth he reft away,
And shamed not with his blood-red steel,
To wake the deadly fray.

But once, within an islet's bay,
While summer-twilight spread,
A curtain o'er the glorious sun,
Who sank to ocean's bed,

He paus'd amid his savage trade,
And gaz'd on earth and sea,
While o'er his head a nest of doves,
Hung in a linden tree.

They coo'd and murmur'd o'er their young,
A loving, mournful strain,
And still the chirping brood essay'd,
The same soft tones again.

The sea-king on the rocky beach,
Bow'd down his head to hear,
Yet started on his iron brow,
To feel a trickling tear.

He mus'd upon his lonely home,
Beyond the foaming main.
For nature kindled in his breast,
At that fond dovelet's strain.

He listen'd till the lay declin'd,
As slumber o'er them stole,
“*Home, home, sweet home !*” methought they sang ;
It enter'd to his soul.

He linger'd till the moon came forth,
With radiance pure and pale,
And then his hardy crew he rous'd,
“Up ! up ! and spread the sail.”

“Now, whither goest thou, master bold ?”
No word the sea-king spake,
But at the helm all night he stood,
Till ruddy morn did break.

“See, captain, yon unguarded isle !
Those cattle are our prey ;”
Dark grew their brows, and fierce their speech :
No word he deign'd to say.

Right onward, o'er the swelling wave,
With steady prow he bore,
Nor stay'd until he anchor'd fast,
By Denmark's wave-wash'd shore ;

"Farewell, farewell, brave men and true,
Well have you serv'd my need ;
Divide the spoils as best ye may,
Rich boon for daring deed."

He shook them by the harden'd hand,
And on his journey sped,
Nor linger'd till through shades he saw,
His long-forsaken shed.

Forth came the babe, that when he left,
Lay on its mother's knee ;
She rais'd a stranger's wondering cry—
A fair-hair'd girl was she.

His far-off voice that mother knew,
And shriek'd in speechless joy,
While, proudly, toward his arms she drew
His bashful, stripling boy.

They bade the fire of pine burn bright,
The simple board they spread ;
And bless'd and welcom'd him as one,
Returning from the dead.

He cleans'd him of the pirate's sin,
He donn'd the peasant's stole,
And nightly from his labours came,
With music in his soul.

"Father ! what mean those words you speak,
Oft in your broken sleep ?
The doves ! the doves ! you murmuring cry,
And then in dreams you weep :

“Father, you’ve told us many a tale,
Of storm, and battle wild—
Tell us the story of the doves,”
The peasant-father smil’d :

“Go, daughter, lure a dove to build
Her nest in yonder tree,
And thou shalt hear the tender tone,
That lured me back to thee.”

THE WAR-SPIRIT.

WAR-SPIRIT ! War-spirit ! how gorgeous thy path,
Pale earth shrinks with fear from thy chariot of wrath,
The king at thy beckoning comes down from his
throne,
To the conflict of fate the armed nations rush on,
With the trampling of steeds, and the trumpets, wild
cry,
While the folds of their banners gleam bright o’er
the sky.

Thy glories are sought, till the life-throb is o’er,
Thy laurels pursued, though they blossom in gore,
Mid the ruins of columns and temples sublime,
The arch of the hero doth grapple with time ;
The muse o’er thy form throws her tissue divine,
And history her annal emblazons with thine.

War-spirit ! War-spirit ! thy secrets are known,
I have look’d on the field when the battle was done,

The mangled and slain in their misery lay,
And the vulture was shrieking and watching his prey,
And the heart's gush of sorrow, how hopeless and sore,
In those homes that the lov'd ones revisit no more.

I have trac'd out thy march, by its features of pain,
While famine and pestilence stalk'd in thy train
And the trophies of sin did thy victory swell,
And thy breath on the soul, was the plague-spot of
hell ;

Death laudeth thy deeds, and in letters of flame,
The realm of perdition engraveth thy name.

War-spirit ! War-spirit ! go down to thy place,
With the demons that thrive on the woe of our race ;
Call back thy strong legions of madness and pride,
Bid the rivers of blood thou hast open'd be dried—
Let thy league with the grave and Aceldama cease,
And yield the torn world to the Angel of Peace.

THE CHARTER-OAK.

When king James Second, sent Sir Edmund Andros, with a guard of armed men, in the year 1687, to Hartford, to demand the charter of Connecticut, it was secretly conveyed away, and hid in the hollow trunk of an ancient oak, which has since been known by the name of the "Charter-oak," and still survives in a vigorous old age.

CHARTER OAK, Charter Oak,
Tell us a tale,
Of the years that have fled,
Like the leaves on the gale.

For thou bear'st a brave annal,
On brown root and stem,
And thy heart was a casket,
For liberty's gem.

Speak out, in thy wisdom,
Oracular tree,
And we, and our children,
Will listen to thee,

For the lore of the aged,
Is dear in our eyes,
And thy leaves and thine acorns,
As relics we prize.

I see them, they come,
The dim ages of old,
The sires of our nations,
True-hearted and bold.

The axe of the woodman,
Rings sharp through the glade,
And the poor Indian hunter,
Reclines in the shade.

I see them, they come,
The grey fathers are there,
Who won from the forest,
This heritage fair.

With their high trust in heaven,
When they suffer'd or toil'd,
Both the tempest and tyrant,
Unblenching they foil'd.

Charter-Oak, Charter-Oak,
Ancient and fair,
Thou didst guard of our freedom,
The rudiment rare,

So, a crown of green leaves,
Be thy gift from the skies,
With the love of the brave,
And the thanks of the wise.

DEATH OF AN AGED MAN.

Who knows what treasures fill a powerful mind,
That more than fourscore years hath held its course
Among the living? We, of yesterday,
Scan not its halls, with ancient pictures bright,
Nor tread its secret cabinets of thought,
Where the dim actors of a distant age,
Recede and vanish.

He, who died to-day,
Was rich in imagery of other times.
Ye might have ask'd him, and he would have told,
How, step by step, his native place threw off
Its rude, colonial feathers, for the garb
That cities wear; and how the cow-path chang'd
To a thick-peopled street, and the cold marsh,
To garden beauty.

Yes, he could have told,
Had ye but ask'd him, how the dark, gaunt forms,
Of the poor Indians, glided here and there,
Neglected strangers in their fathers' land :
For many a story knew he of that race,
Now rooted up and perish'd.

Had ye sat
Down at his feet, on some long summer's day,
He might have told you, how yon stately roofs,
And fair designs of blessed charity,
Sprang from a germ, which he had help'd to nurse
With prayer and bounteous alms.

Ah, many a date,
And legend, slumber in that marble breast,
Which History coveted. For Memory sat
With diamond pen, still clearly noting down
On her broad tablet, till the step of Death,
Stole suddenly upon her.

Then his voice
Bore glorious witness to the faith that lives
When Nature dies, and told the weeping friend,
How underneath the Everlasting Arms,
Broke the rude shock of pain.

And so his breath,
In one unstruggling, quiet sigh went forth,
For leaning on the Saviour, he had lov'd,
From early years, he found that Heavenly Friend,
In the last dreadful hour, remember'd him.

Here rock'd his cradle, and *here* yawns his grave.
Both ye may scan at once. And yet between
Those neighbour-spots, how many a thorny vale,
And mountain-tract of flinty memories,
His pilgrim-feet have travers'd.

Still he said,
That all his long-drawn, chequer'd path below,
Seem'd as a bow-shot,—with so swift a flight
The play of boyhood, and the flush of youth,
And manhood's ripeness, met the silver hairs,
That gave his brow, a crown of righteousness.

No more you'll see him, leaning on his staff
Beside his pleasant door, or measuring still,
With slow, yet vigorous step, his wonted way,
Along the river's brink, or to his board,
Guiding the stranger, or the cherish'd guest,
With the old warmth of hospitality.

No more he cheers his household with the smile
Of tender love, which the cold frosts of age
Impair'd not, or in sweet example shows,
Those fruits, which mid the tears and clouds of time,
Mellow'd to heaven's own hue.

'Tis sad to see
The fathers of our city, one by one,
Thus take their dwelling with the silent worm.
We shrink to fill their places.

Reverend men,
Of such well-balanc'd and rare energies,
Courteous, and dignified, and true of heart,
We dread to find their high example gone.
We grieve that the insatiate grave must lock
The gold of their experience.

O'er life's tide
We steer without them, by a varying chart,
Too late lamenting, that we lightly priz'd
The pilotage of wisdom, while it dwelt
With hoary head among us.

Grant us grace,
Father of all, so to revere the words,
Of saintly age, and so to keep the path
Of those who go before us to the skies,
That shunning snares and pitfalls, we may come
To the sure mansions of eternal life.

THE DOOM OF UZZIAH.*

UZZIAH rul'd God's chosen race,
In plentitude of power,
And lauded was his sceptre's sway,
In palace and in bower.

Fresh fountains in the desert waste,
Up at his bidding sprung,
And clust'ring vines o'er Carmel's breast,
A broider'd mantle flung.

He hasted to the battle field,
In all his young renown,
And wild Arabia's swarthy host,
Like blighted grass fell down.

* 2d. Chron. chap. xxvi.

Yet, ah ! within his reckless heart,
The seeds of pride grew strong,
And unacknowledg'd blessings led,
To arrogance and wrong,

So to the temple's holy place,
With impious step he hied,
And with a kindling censer stood,
Fast by the altar's side.

But he whose high and priestly brow,
The anointing oil had blest,
Stood forth majestic to rebuke,
The sacrilegious guest.

" 'Tis not for thee," he sternly said,
"To tread this hallow'd nave,
And take that honour to thyself,
Which God to Aaron gave ;

" 'Tis not for thee, thou mighty king,
O'er Judah's realm ordain'd,
To trample on Jehovah's law,
By whom thy fathers reign'd ;

"Go hence !" and from his awful eye,
There seem'd such ire to flame,
As mingled with the thunder blast,
When God to Sinai came.

Then loud the reckless monarch storm'd,
And with a daring hand,
He swung the sacred censer high,
Above the trembling band ;

When lo ! a burning sign of wrath,
Did in his forehead flame,
Behold ! the avenging doom of heaven,
The livid plague-spot came :

And low declin'd his princely head,
In bitterness of woe,
As from the temple-gate he sped,
A leper white as snow.

THE ORPHAN.

THERE was a church-yard, and an open grave,
And a small band of thoughtful villagers
Gather'd around it. Pressing near its brink,
A slender boy, of some few summers stood,
Sole mourner, and with wild and watchful eye
Gaz'd on the coffin.

When they let it down
Into the darksome pit, and the coarse earth
From the grave-digger's shovel, falling, gave
A fearful sound, there rose a bitter wail
Prolong'd and deep, such as I never heard
Come from a child.

Then he, who gave with prayers
The body to the dead, when the last rite
Was over, paus'd with sympathizing look
Until the Orphan's wildest sobs grew still
And said,

“Poor boy ! your mother will not sleep
In this cold bed, for ever.—No ! as sure
As the sweet flowers, that now the frost hath chill’d
Shall hear the call of Spring, and the dry grass
Put on fresh greenness,—she shall rise again,
And live a life of joy.”

Bleak autumn winds
Swept thro’ the rustling leaves, and seem’d to chill
The shivering orphan as he bow’d him down,
All desolate,—to look into the grave.
So, from the group, a kindly matron came,
And led him thence.

When Spring returning, threw
Her trembling colours o’er the waken’d earth,
I wander’d there again, for well I love
At musing twilight, when rude sounds are still,
To pay a silent visit to the dead.

I thought myself alone : but a light step
Fell on my ear, and that poor, orphan boy,
Came from his mother’s grave. Paler he’d grown
Since last I saw him, and his little feet
With frequent tread, had worn the herbage down
Into a narrow path.

He started thence,
And would have fled away. But when I said
That I had stood beside him, when they put
His mother in the grave, he nearer drew
Inquiring eagerly.

“Then, did you hear
The minister, who always speaks the truth

Say that she'd rise again ? that just as sure
As Spring renew'd the wither'd grass and flowers,
She'd rise again and live ?”

“ Yes, but not here,
Not here, will she return again to dwell again
With you my son :”—

“ This is the very spot
Where she was laid. So here she'll rise again.
Just here, they buried her. I mark'd it well.
And night and morning, since the grass grew green,
I've come to watch, and sometimes press'd my lips
Close to the place, where they laid down her head,
And call'd, and told her that the flowers had come,
And now 'twas time to rise. See too, the seeds
I planted here, seeds of the flowers' she lov'd,
Break the brown mould.—But yet she does not wake
Nor answer to my voice.”

“ She cannot come
To you on earth ; but you shall go to her.”
“ *I go to her !*” and his thin hands were clasp'd
So close, that every bone and sinew seem'd
Knit fast together, “ Shall I go to her ?
Let me go now !”

Then, with a pitying heart,
I told him of the Book, that promiseth
A resurrection, and a life of bliss
To those who sleep in Jesus ; that the word
Of God's eternal truth could ne'er deceive
The trusting soul, that kept His holy law
Obediently, and His appointed time,
With patience waited.

“Oh ! I’ll wait His time,
And try to do his will, if I may hope
After this body dies, to rise again,
And live once more, with Mother.”

So, he turn’d
From that damp mound, with such a piteous look
Of soul subdued and utter loneliness,
As haunted memory, like a troubled dream.

Months fled ; and when again with traveller’s haste
I pass’d that village, I inquired for him,
And one who knew him, told me, how he sought
That blessed Book, which teacheth, that the dead
Shall rise again, and o’er its pages hung,
Each leisure moment, with a wondering love,
Until he learned of Jesus, and laid down
All sorrow at his feet.

And then there came
A fearful sickness, and in many a cot
Were children dead, and he grew ill, and bore
His pain without complaint, and meekly died,
And went to join the mother that he loved.

THE OLD MAN.

WHY gaze ye on my hoary hair,
Ye children young and gay ?
Your locks, beneath the blast of care,
Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once, like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung,
Kiss'd from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my faltering tongue.

She, when the nightly couch was spread,
Would bow my infant knee,
And lay her soft hand on my head,
And bending, pray for me.

But then there came a fearful day,
I sought my mother's bed ;
Harsh voices warn'd me thence away,
And told me she was dead.

I pluck'd a fair white rose, and stole
To lay it by her side ;
Yet, ah, strange sleep enchain'd her soul,
For no fond voice replied.

That eve I knelt me down in wo,
To say a lonely prayer ;
And still my temples seem'd to glow,
As if that hand was there.

Years fled, and left me childhood's joy,
Gay sports, and pastimes dear ;
I rose, a wild and wayward boy,
Who scorn'd the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed ;
But ere, at night I slept,
That soft hand made my bosom bleed,
And down I fell, and wept.

Youth came—the props of virtue reel'd ;
Yet still, at day's decline,
A marble touch my brow congeal'd—
Blest mother, was it thine ?

In foreign lands I've travell'd wide,
My full pulse bounding high ;
Vice spread her meshes at my side,
And pleasure lur'd my eye.

Even then, that hand, so soft and cold,
Maintain'd its mystic sway,
As when amid my curls of gold,
With gentle force it lay

And with it sigh'd a voice of care,
As from the lowly sod,
“My son, my only one, beware !
Sin not against thy God.”

Ye think, perchance that age hath stole
My kindly warmth away,
And dimm'd the tablet of the soul ;
Yet when in manhood's sway,

This brow the plumed helm display'd,
That awes the warrior throng,
Or beauty's thrilling fingers stray'd,
My clustering locks among,

That hallow'd touch was ne'er forgot ;
And now, though time hath set
His seal of frost that melteth not,
My temples feel it yet.

And if I e'er in heaven appear,
A mother's holy prayer—
A mother's hand and tender tear
Still pointing to a Saviour dear,
Have led the wanderer there.

CLOSE OF LIFE.

CHILL'D by the piercing blast,
Or faint with vertic heat,
The weary labourer hails the night,
And finds its slumber sweet :

While they whom idle years,
Of luxury impair,
Toss on the reckless couch, or meet
The dream of terror there.

The rich man moves in pomp,
To him the world is dear,
And every treasure twists a tie,
To bind him stronger here :

But he whose purest gold,
Is in the conscience stor'd,
Is richer at the hour of death,
Than with the miser's hoard.

When this short day of life,
With all its work is done,
The faithful servant of his God,
Doth hail the setting sun ;

But they who waste their breath,
Dread the accusing tomb,
And the time-killer flies from death,
As from a murderer's doom.

So give us, Lord, to find,
When earth shall pass away,
That Sabbath-evening of the mind,
Which crowns a well-spent day,

That entering to thy rest,
Where toils and cares are o'er,
We, with the myriads of the bless'd,
May praise Thee, evermore.

THE END.

NOTICES OF THE "GIRL'S READING BOOK."

From the "Southern Churchman."—Richmond.

"The simple statement of the title of this work, the name of the author, and the number of editions through which it has passed, is as high a recommendation of it as can well be given. We will merely express a wish for the benefit of all our schools for young ladies, that this book may be adopted as one of the most useful, the purest, and the best for which it was written."

From the "Knickerbocker."

"We have read the 'GIRL'S READING BOOK, IN PROSE AND POETRY,' from the pen of MRS. SIGOURNEY, with unalloyed gratification. It is imbued with those delightful inculcations for which that author's writings are distinguished, and clothed with the felicitous graces of style which are ever the characteristics of her productions. This book should be in the hands of every school-girl in the United States."

From the "Richmond Compiler."

"This interesting work from the pen of the beloved authoress, MRS. SIGOURNEY, contains thirty reading lessons in prose and the same number in poetry. It is a work we are glad to see, and she has become her country's benefactor by sending it forth, while she has made an enduring addition to her fame."

From the "New-York American."

"MRS. SIGOURNEY has given the public a delightful little book, which we prefer to all her other published writings. Its articles are all original—all the work of her own pen—and all written with a beautiful simplicity, suited to the persons for whom the work is designed. The quality of simplicity it is which gives the principal grace to these compositions. We looked, indeed, to find great warmth and rectitude of feeling, a pure and kindly morality, and a poetic imagination, and we have found them. But we hardly expected to see the author's superior talents performing this task with such perfect ease, without any attempt at display: in short, with such perfect devotedness to the task before them. We hope she will find this laudable exertion of her powers well rewarded by the reception this work meets with the public."

NOTICES OF THE "BOY'S BOOK."

From the "United States Gazette"—Philadelphia.

"THE BOY'S BOOK" has been prepared by MRS. SIGOURNEY with all the care which her maternal feelings could suggest for such a work, and with the assistance of all those powers to which the world is now doing homage. We are gratified to have occasion to notice, from such a source, a book thus dedicated, and the success which has attended it, is proof of its adaptation to the purpose which it has in view. The lessons are instructive and interesting to the young. And Mrs. Sigourney has by this work, and a corresponding volume, entitled the "GIRL'S READING BOOK," added largely to the claims which she already possessed upon the gratitude and respect of the nation at large."

From the "Boston Weekly Magazine."

"We are glad to see the abilities and fine taste of MRS. SIGOURNEY employed in the preparation of books for the use of the young. Their moral and literary welfare may be safely entrusted in her hands. This volume is well worthy of introduction into the schools of our country, as while the style is pure and the sentiments elevated, it is replete with interest and useful information. The same publishers have issued the "GIRL'S READING BOOK." We commend them to the favorable notice of instructors and parents."

From "Zion's Watchman."

"This book is beautifully printed, and contains most excellent reading matter, entirely from the pen of the accomplished authoress. Her name, alone, would be sufficient to recommend it to the favorable notice of the public, and when once examined it cannot but be extensively patronized. And then it should be added, that it is published by Mr. Taylor, than whom, perhaps, there is not a man among us more competent to judge of the merits of a work written for educational purposes."

From the "Corsair."

"We cannot sufficiently admire the elevated motives that have prompted the first poetess in our country to devote her talents and time to write a book for schools. Such a work commends itself to every parent and to every philanthropist."

From the "Christian Watchman."—Boston.

"In chasteness, purity of style, and elevation of thought, it is a fine model. Lessons of piety and virtue, and manly sentiment, are intermingled in every page with alluring ease and captivating incident. The influence of such a book as this must be very great, in moulding the minds of those who shall be favored with its perusal."

From the "Michigan Journal."

"No higher recommendation of this work can be given than the name of its accomplished author. We should rejoice to see it in the hands of every boy in this State. Unless entirely lost—dead to every noble and generous sentiment of our common nature—no child—no young man even—can read this book without the highest degree of both pleasure and profit. We envy not the individual who can read it without being instructed, softened, delighted. Let such works be introduced into all our families and schools, and we shall hear no more complaints of inattention to books—of the want of a taste for reading. We will guarantee, that every child who is of sufficient age to understand its language, and who has not been brutalised and ruined by mismanagement will read this work of MRS. SIGOURNEY'S with avidity."

From the "Lady's Companion."

"We know how scarce are valuable school books—those that combine instruction in language and elocution with sound mental aliment, suited to the comprehension of young minds. Desultory selections often fail of this end; but MRS. SIGOURNEY has here presented the public with a reading book, *written* expressly for this object, 'containing lessons of republican simplicity, the value of time, the rewards of virtue, the duties of life,' all beautiful, as we might expect from such a writer."

From the "Knickerbocker."

"Every boy should have this book."

From the "Southern Churchman."—Richmond.

"In this age of lax sentiment and lax example, what parent is there, who can well satisfy his conscience in the discharge of his duty to his sons, without placing in their hands, as soon as they can read, a volume like the one before us, which will not only please, but will inculcate good morals on Christian principles, regulate the passions, improve the manners, form the taste, and inspire the mind with a serious

regard for the truths of the Bible and the everlasting interests of the soul. and this has been done by MRS. SIGOURNEY, not in a dry and scholastic style, but in a manner the most happy and attractive."

From the "Richmond Compiler."

"This is another valuable volume to our country, from the pen of MRS. SIGOURNEY. Its lessons are inculcated in a manner happily adapted to the youthful mind for which they are intended, and will afford them deep interest as well as instruction."

From the "Courant."—Hartford.

The "BOY'S BOOK," by MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

It is too late to speak highly of the prose or poetry of Mrs. Sigourney and claim originality; for her writings have been eulogized by the critics beyond the Atlantic, long ago. But this work, like the "Girl's Reading Book," is to be treated of not as a specimen of splendid composition, (as it is,) but as a class book for American schools. Most of our reading books are printed poorly—on cheap paper, in small type—as if to tempt the scholar to dispose of it as soon as possible. *This* appears on fine *white* paper, in the best type. The subjects selected—the vivacity and familiarity of the narratives, essays, biographies, and discussions—the appropriate moral inferences often drawn, and the chasteness preserved throughout the work, are recommendations that no *good* teacher will fail to notice and admire. How *excellent* the idea that a reading book should be fraught with instruction on those subjects that are familiar to the minds of youth. The lessons read again and again in the school room are never forgotten. What man cannot repeat the pieces he read when a boy at school from beginning to end, and tell every comma and period and caption in the book? This work carries out, in the important lessons taught, the idea just noticed. For instance, in "Taking Food," we find directions given that cannot fail of doing good to the reader. A boy under a good teacher will never forget such a sentence as this. "It is ungrateful to disarrange the mechanism" (of the body) "that does so much for us. It is dangerous to persist in offending the stomach, for it revenges itself through the nerves. They are its fast friends,—always at its command, and able to inflict varied and terrible pain." Nor this, on another subject, "Cruelty to Animals is disgraceful and sinful. If I see even a young child, pull off the wings of an insect, or take pains to set his foot upon a worm, I know that he has not been well instructed, or else that there is

something wrong and wicked in his heart." In "The Only Son," (a beautiful story) is this remark, in giving the history of Frank Wilson, "The first wrong step was to neglect his lessons and waste his time. His room-mate taught him to laugh at the censures that followed, and to ridicule in secret, the teachers whom he should have loved." Hear the closing remark of this history, "Let every boy dread the first advances of vice, for the descent is swift, like the swollen and headlong torrent, sweeping every landmark away." So in "Good Manners," "Wealth," "Trees," the "Grey Cottage," and "The Law," are taught lessons in a lovely way, that every reader will not only *learn*, but feel and observe. The book is exceedingly valuable to all who love literature; but above all, it accomplishes its design admirably. It is the best work in the English language for a reading book for boys under twelve years of age. In it is a full demonstration that the author has been a worthy and successful teacher, and that she knows well the duties, trials, and pleasures of a faithful teacher's life. *America* should adopt it as a "Boy's Book," and not a County or State, or New England only.

From "The Friend."—Philadelphia.

We have had placed in our hands for examination a volume of recent publication from the American press, entitled "THE BOY'S BOOK," the production of Lydia H. Sigourney, extensively known and admired as a writer of considerable eminence both of poetry and prose. The volume under notice consists of many chapters on a variety of topics, prose and poetical, the invariable tendency of which is the inculcation of moral and pious sentiments, and to encourage the expansion of liberal, gentle, and benevolent affections. Of the prose department in particular, we were much pleased with its style of composition; the language is simple in structure, yet clear, flowing, and graceful—equally removed on the one hand from the fastidiously affected and ambitious strain so prevalent in these days, and from puerility, dulness, and insipidity on the other. In short, we consider it well adapted for the end proposed, its introduction as a class book in schools for boys of from eight to twelve years, and would be glad to hear of its general adoption as such. The tenor of the sentiments taught, approaches very nearly to the views of Friends in relation to the pacific nature of the gospel dispensation, yet in this regard, and in some other respects, a few modifications would be requisite to render the volume unexceptionable as a class book in Friends' schools.

















